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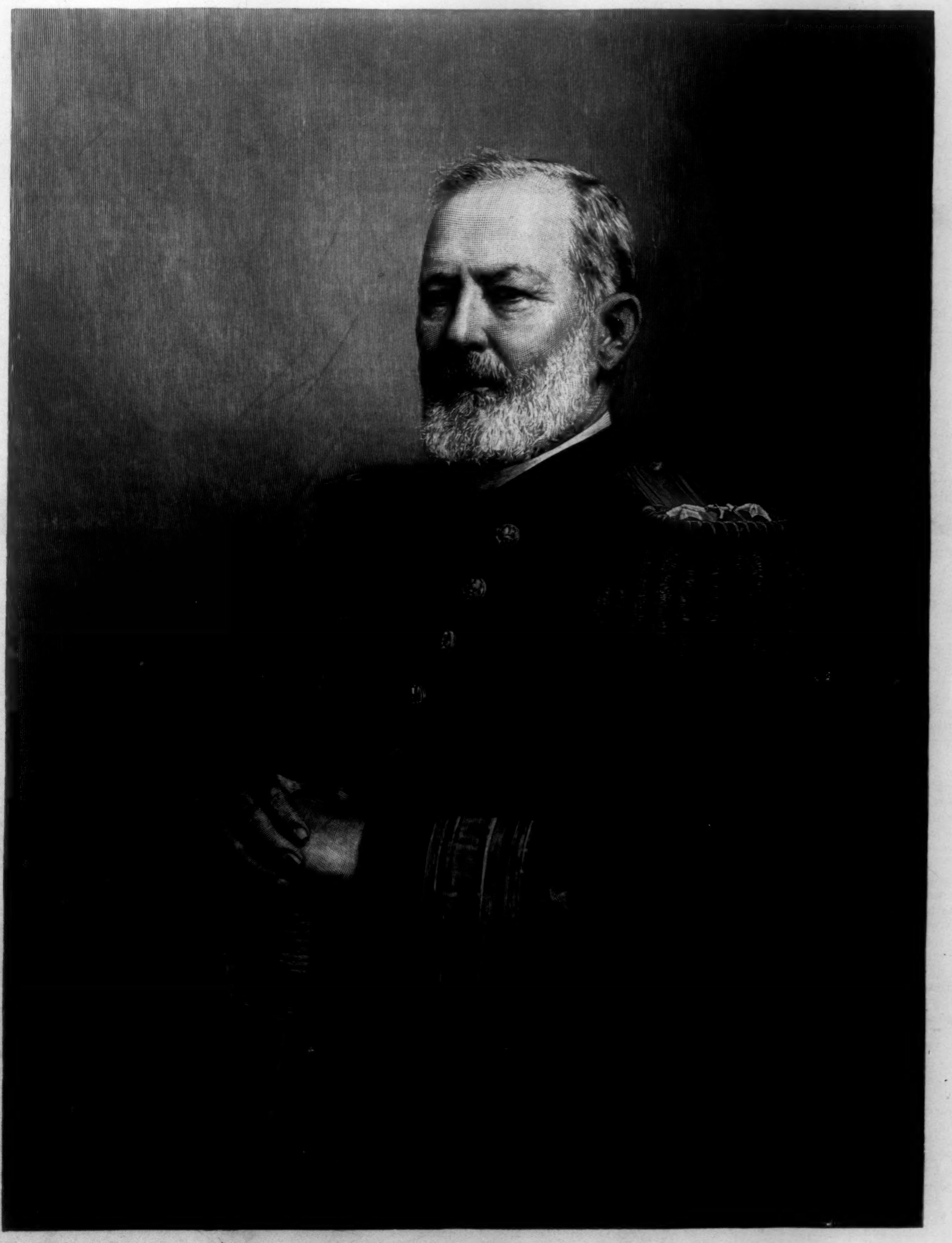

REAR-ADMIRAL BANCROFT GHERARDI, U. S. N.—[SEE PAGE 344.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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## IMMIGRATION AND ANNEXATION.

THERE are many good citizens among us who watch the influx of large numbers of immigrants, especially those coming from the south and east of Europe, with serious alarm. They think that these people, having grown up under the influence of political and social institutions, customs, ways of thinking, and habits of life widely different from ours, are not only utterly ignorant of the nature and working of our system of government, but presumably incapable of understanding and appreciating it; that they threaten to remain an unassimilable element in our population, calculated to deteriorate our social condition, and that it will, therefore, be a highly dangerous experiment to endow them with political rights enabling them to take part in governing the republic. It will, indeed, hardly be denied that many of the new-comers, especially those of the Latin and Slavic races, appear at first sight in a high degree unfitted for the enjoyment and exercise of the rights and privileges of American citizenship, and that not a few of them will remain a distinctly foreign element among us as long as they live. But no candid observer will fail to recognize the fact that however intractable the original immigrants may be, the process of assimilation in a large majority of cases tells very forcibly upon their children, and that the third generation is likely to be but little, if at all, distinguishable in their habits, intelligence, ways of thinking, and fitness for American citizenship from other members of the community in the same walks of live. This is the general rule. There are exceptions, no doubt, but certainly not enough to put our institutions to any dangerous strain.

This assimilation is facilitated by an interesting combination of influences. The immigrant finds here a people busily at work under local conditions which promise, not a comfortable sustenance without an effort, but ample reward to vigorous exertion, and which at the same time are most favorable to the steady exercise of the physical as well as the mental forces. Our people are accustomed to the use of self-government, and to the habits of order and law-abiding self-restraint, which make self-government possible. Free institutions, the protection of individual rights, submission to the legally expressed will of the majority, and government by public opinion have been found by our people to be a necessity of their existence, and as to the maintenance of these free institutions they are naturally and instinctively conservative. A society so occupied and animated has great power of assimilation and absorption, for it is a great educator. If it does not wholly assimilate those of the original immigrants who are of the very ignorant or stupid or perverse kind, it is at least very apt to make their children, who grow up under its influence, its own. That after the absorption of foreign elements on a large scale the character of the population will not remain the same it was before is undoubtedly true. But in the crossing of nationalities those elements that have the greatest vitality under the surrounding circumstances, and are the most congenial to the conditions under the influences in which they live, will be the most potent force. In a climate which requires as well as encourages vigorous activity and stimulates the energies of human nature we observe the elevation of lower types to a higher one, or assimilation upward.

It is different in tropical latitudes, where nature is so bountiful in its production that man can live without steady work, and where, moreover, the influences of climate impede and discourage vigorous exertion. While the countries under a temperate climate are the home, the natural field of activity of, roughly speaking, the Germanic race, of which the Anglo-Saxon is the most vigorous branch, and while here Germanic vigor is the absorbing element, the assimilating force, the tropics are the home of the African and Indian races, and there they flourish best. The Anglo-Saxon may appear there as a conqueror and a ruler, as the Englishman appears in India, holding other races in subjection with a military and administrative force, which, so to speak, acts as a garrison. But the Anglo-Saxons, with all their native vigor and vitality, have never been able to found and maintain anywhere in the tropics populous commonwealths of their own stock with free political institutions. Even their military and administrative garrisons have to be renewed from time to time, because the tropical climate is so unsuitable to the man of Germanic origin that he inevitably degenerates under its enfeebling influence. It is much more congenial to the Latin races, but even they do not preserve there the best traits of their original character. They, however, commingle readily with the native populations, and thus grew up that Latin-Indian-African mixture which we find in the Central and South American states and on some of the West Indian Islands. This population is on its tropical soil the assimilating force, and if Anglo-Saxons go among them to stay they will appear there as exotic plants, and in the process of assimilation the Anglo-Saxons will lose more than the Indian-African-Latin mixture will gain. It will be assimilation downward, degrading the higher type to a lower one. It is hardly necessary to elaborate how the population flourishing in the American tropics has indeed succeeded in founding commonwealths with nominally free institutions, but how these commonwealths have drifted into a chronic state of lawlessness and revolution. There never was a stable democracy in the tropics. Tropical republics have continually oscillated between two extremes—liberty which meant anarchy, and order which meant despotism. As Bolivar himself once said, the attempt to plant democratic institutions in those tropical regions is like ploughing the sea.

Nothing is more curious than to hear serious men, who are terrified at the perils brought upon this republic by the immigration of a few hundred thousand Italians and Hungarians, speak with the utmost coolness of the annexation of tropical countries as a thing devoutly to be wished. It is true they ask at present only for the annexation of Hawaii, because it is the "key" to the interoceanic canal in particular and the Pacific Ocean in general; or for Cuba, or San Domingo, because it is the key to the Gulf of Mexico, and necessary for the security of our coast, and so on. But they forget that a key needs another key, an outpost another outpost, for its protection, and that if we need them we must encircle the globe with our possessions, and require a large fleet to protect them, like Great Britain. In other words, one annexation will call for another, that for another, and there will be no visible end. For instance, if we possess Cuba, we shall find that the other West India islands in the hands of other powers "threaten" Cuba, and to secure what we have we must have the other islands too; we must "command" the Gulf of Mexico, and to that end possess the western shores of it—that is, Mexico and Central America. We shall not stop north of the Isthmus of Darien. If we possess those countries, we shall have to embody them in our political system, that is, make States out of them, and permit the people of those States not only to govern themselves, but to take part in governing the United States, in governing *us*, through their Senators and Representatives. While entertaining serious apprehensions as to the safety of the republic in admitting to our shores a few hundred thousand Hungarians, Slavs, and Italians, who may be absorbed by our people under the favorable conditions of our Northern climate, we are to add to our population by annexation many millions of people of the Latin-African-Indian mixture who have nothing in common with us, neither language, nor habits, nor ways of thinking, nor political institutions, nor morals; and these people, too, by the baneful influence of the tropical climate, rendered incapable to acquire those habits of calm reasoning, of sober self-restraint, of orderly acquiescence in the will of the majority, which are necessary to true democratic government. Nor can we hope to fill those countries by migration with a population of the Germanic race, for it is a well-known fact that the migration of large masses of people follows certain isothermal lines, and that the Germanic race never goes in masses to the tropics for permanent settlement.

We may sometimes be told that such people wish to be annexed to the United States. What does such a wish mean? Not only the desire to be a part of this republic, but also to have their proportionate share of power in governing it. If the people of the Canadian Dominion expressed such a wish, a people who speak the same language with us, have the same code of morals, the same ways of thinking, the same habits and experiences of self-government—well and good. But as to the people of the tropics, no commercial advantages, no addition to our natural resources and our wealth, no increase of external power, can pay for the dangers they would bring with them. May a benignant fate save us from such acquisitions! May the American people well beware of the beginning!

## AMBASSADORS AND THEIR PAY.

The difficulty under which our important foreign ministers have always labored, unless they happened to have independent means, is straitened circumstances. Their salaries have not been sufficient to meet the demands made upon them. The answer to this that is frequently made is that the ministers of the United States should be of sterner stuff than to yield to social and fashionable demands. This is all very well, but human nature is such that when a man, or woman either, finds himself or herself in certain conditions of life, surrounded by people living in a certain way, the temptation to live up to the common standard is almost irresistible. Moreover, there is a patriotic sentiment which induces those who represent the country to try at least to make as good an appearance as their neighbors of the diplomatic corps. And, as a matter of fact, no one is more likely to criticise the penurious spirit of the minister who attempts to live on his salary than the man who objects to increasing it.

The leading missions of Europe must now be filled by men who possess incomes beyond their salaries. Recent American ministers to Paris have had command of large fortunes and have lived in princely fashion, but the time is not long gone by when an American representative to France, a poor man, who had served the country gallantly in the war, was obliged to live in humble lodgings over a grocery store. It is often said that a foreign minister can transact his business as well whether he is a social factor or not, but this is very far from being true. A diplomat out of society is at a great disadvantage, for the simple reason that he does not learn the secrets of his craft.

How pinched our diplomatic agents are was well illustrated in Mr. Lowell's time. A rich American, proud of his country, and wishing to leave a monument to his liberality and patriotism, decided to purchase a fitting legation-house in London for the American minister, but Mr. Lowell begged him not to carry out his generous intention during his term of office, for the cost of maintaining such a house would have been nearly three times his salary. Mr. Lincoln has lived becomingly but modestly during his tenure of the English mission, but he recently stated to a friend that his annual expenditure has been $35,000, or just double his salary.

What the expenditure of an embassy will be depends on the means of the ambassador, but if our ambassador to London or to Paris were to be paid a salary equal to that of the President, he would not be able to do more than return the official courtesies of the country to which he was accredited, and of his fellow-members of the corps.

All of this means that an American ambassador who has no private fortune will be unhappy, and unhappy men cannot successfully transact business. If present pay is inadequate for ministers, it is absurd for ambassadors, and yet Congress is not likely to increase salaries. It has sanctioned a title authorized by the Constitution, but is unwilling to pay for what the title calls. For several years the fact has been recognized that only rich men, or at least men who had something beyond their pay, could afford to accept the London, Paris, or Berlin mission, Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps being exceptions. The raising of the grade to an ambassadorship makes the obstacles to poor men all the greater. An impecunious ambassador would be ridiculous, and as the increased rank is practically of no benefit to the country, the sooner we return to the old rank the better. The country will be better represented by a self-respecting minister than by an ambassador who is the object of universal commiseration because his meagre salary compels him to live in lodgings.

## A MAN AND A MAID.

The poet has already called attention to the satisfactory attitude of coy uncertain woman when pain and anguish wring the brow. The poet is right. Not only is she on such occasions a ministering angel, but she is often a great deal more. Take, for instance, the recent case of a young lady in western Minnesota, reported in the newspapers. Here was a woman who was a ministering angel, a rescuing party, a team of horses, and a justice of the peace—to continue speaking in the figurative language of the poet.

The incident to which we refer took place as long ago as last February, but news of it seems only now to have penetrated to the outside world. But a tale like this can never grow old. It appears that at Bird Island, Lac Qui Parle County, a few miles from the South Dakota line, there lives a young man named Samuel Carpenter. He deserves no better description, however, than the play-bill one of "lover to Maud Dassett." For this young lady, also a resident of Bird Island, is the real hero of the occurrence—if a lady can be a hero, as we suppose she can in these days of woman's rights. It further appears that Samuel has long loved Maud with an ardor which nothing could cool. Indeed, the late winter could not cool it, which is the most we can say. He told his love, as young men sometimes will when properly managed, and after much persuasion he succeeded in getting a bashful promise from the young lady to be his wife. But she was coy, coy and uncertain, and he sometimes doubted if he should ever be able to lead her to the altar. As events showed, he never was able.

Of course the lady's father was opposed to the match—well-regulated and self-respecting ladies' fathers always are. Notwithstanding this the young couple decided to be married in the spring—this present spring, which has crept upon us and found our street-cleaning department asleep. That is, Samuel Carpenter decided on the spring—the shy Maud could not be brought to fix upon any certain date. In February the hair of Samuel Carpenter was caused to stand on end by hearing a report that Miss Dassett's father was about to send her away to Europe, or seal her up hermetically in a convent—the details of the report varied. The young man instantly sought the lady and implored her to fly with him. He pointed out that nothing but an elopement could save them. She was much perturbed at the prospect, and for a long time she hesitated. At last she consented to go with him the next morning at four o'clock. She seemed half stunned at the prospect, and she almost fainted as he told her good-by. As he hurried down the street to engage the fastest team in Bird Island, he asked himself, with trembling lips, "Shall I ever hear those heavenly words which shall pronounce us man and wife?" He never did.

It appears further—the account bristles with facts like a novel with a purpose—that a marriage license is necessary in Minnesota, but that none is required in South Dakota. Miss **Dassett** was not of age, therefore no license could be obtained in Minnesota; so the young people were obliged to elope to the more liberal sister State, some fifteen miles distant. They got off at a little before five o'clock, the frightened lady fainting three times before she came down the ladder, and going back up twice after something which she had forgotten. Their objective point was Squire **Gary's** house, a quarter of a mile beyond the State line. The morning was clear and cold, and the road filled with snow. The sun arose, but the air remained frosty. When about three miles from the State line the young man was startled to see the girl's father coming, a half-mile behind, with his team on a fast run. He urged his own horses along the drifted road at the top of their speed, while the timid creature at his side went from one swoon into another. But gradually she grew calmer, and when, a half-mile from the squire's house, the road ceased entirely, with nothing visible ahead but three feet of untrodden snow, she did not faint at all. The young man tried to drive on, but the horses sank and were unable to rise. The old gentleman was not forty rods away. "We are lost!" cried **Samuel Carpenter**. "We are not," answered the shy young girl. "We will walk it!" She leaped out, and **Samuel** followed her mechanically. They clasped hands and floundered away through the snow. The enraged father was soon close behind them, also on foot. "We can never reach the squire's," groaned **Samuel**. He was a true prophet—they never did.

While still over a quarter of a mile from the house the young man sank down in the snow, almost exhausted. He felt a tug at his arm which nearly wrenched it from its socket. It was the shrinking creature who had gone back up the ladder after her glove-buttoner. "Come on," she said, in a firm, commanding voice. She dragged him to his feet, and half pulled him through the snow for fifty yards. Here he collapsed, utterly unable to move, still a full quarter of a mile from the house. The father was not a hundred yards behind, and coming like a rotary snow-plough. "We are across the State line," cried the timorous girl; "yell for the squire." With an almost superhuman effort the young man shouted. The squire heard and came out of the door. His quick eye took in the whole situation. There was no wind, and the cold air had a sound-carrying capacity truly wonderful. "Jine hands!" roared the justice across the snow. The girl grasped her lover's hand. "Will you have that air woman to be yer beloved wife?" shouted the squire. "What did he say?" feebly asked the bridegroom from the snow. "Holler 'yes'," said the bride, sternly. He obeyed. "Do you take the cuss in the snow for yer lovin' husband?" howled the official. "I do," came the voice of the blushing bride, in a high but penetrating soprano. "I pronounce you man and wife!" bellowed the squire, solemnly. "What did he say?" inquired **Samuel Carpenter**. "He says we are married," answered the girl. "Papa," she added, as she turned to the old gentleman, who had just struggled up, "let me present my husband, Mr. **Carpenter**." The simple but impressive ceremony which makes twain one flesh was over.

This artless account of a clinging maiden and a strong man teaches many things, but they are all so obvious that we shall not stop to point them out. It teaches us nothing, perhaps, which the poet has not taught us, but it does it in such a graphic manner that the poet himself would have been astonished at it.

## SOCIETY IN SPRING.

In the spring society has something new to say and do, as well as the people of the working world. The birds sing as well as build, and men and women turn to new pleasures with the first warm days, as well as arrange for the sowing of grass seed and the repair of broken-down fences.

All winter, at least until the incoming of Lent, there have been long dinners and late dances, stately functions in warm rooms and in the glare of gas and electricity. Lent has gone, and with the Easter gowns and bonnets have come desires for different things. Society is thinking of out-of-doors—of lawn parties, of picnics, of feasts that have the gentle grace of spring in their delicate composition, of the substitution of moonlight for gas and electricity, of a nearer approach to Nature now that the dame is growing kindlier.

The great Easter parade after morning church may be said to be the function which heralds in new devices in the way of social pleasures. Society approaches summer perhaps somewhat rashly, and throws off the outer garments that protected it from the colds of winter somewhat recklessly; but its eagerness to change its clothes and its daily habits is as intense as the longing of the sportsman of whom discourse was made last week.

Trips into the country have been planned, and some of them have been taken. Country houses that have been closed since they were opened for the Christmas holidays are being aired. The chill is being taken off of them. A desire to see the year come out of its hibernation in the country finds an excuse for a luncheon party at the homestead in the necessity of seeing what is to be done to make the house comfortable for the summer. Soon, very soon, the coaches will begin to rattle over the familiar roads; men will go a-pigeon-shooting at the country clubs, and will induce the women to come down too for a dinner and a dance. Every woman in the new gowns will take quick advantage of every opportunity to show them in the bright sunshine.

But the leading feature of spring society is marriage. The air is filled with the sound of wedding-bells, and the streets and railroad trains and hotels with brides and grooms. And while the young people are off for the honey-moon, grown-up society is planning how to make life happy for them when they get back.

To use their own idiotism, society people are, after all, not a half bad lot.

## A NOTABLE WEDDING, AND WHY.

If there is anything that is more talked about just for the moment than the fair, or the struggle of the office-seekers, or the spring fashions, it is an impending wedding in high life in this metropolis. April is a favorite month to get married in, and there are a lot of pretty weddings every spring, where the brides are lovely and the surrounding circumstances all jocund and blithe. So, New York being pretty well used to lively weddings after Easter, it takes something very much beyond the common run of nuptial celebration to agitate Father Knickerbocker or make his eyes pop out. But this impending marriage *is* uncommon. It is an international marriage, for one thing. The carpers like to carp at the international marriages, and the sporting gentlemen regard them as extra-hazardous, and like to lay wagers about them, but it is suspected that girls and women, who dote upon all weddings with a catholic ecstasy, regard international weddings as a good many points more ecstatic than the common kind, and swirl about them with a proportionately quickened flutter. Even among international weddings this coming one ranks very high, for the groom is not an ordinary European, but an earl, and neither old, nor impecunious, nor matrimonially second-hand, but young and excessively well-to-do, and of no previous matrimonial experience, detrimental or otherwise. So, while all weddings are interesting (except to men), this one is doubly so, for while in ordinary weddings the whole interest of the performance centres in the bride, in this wedding it is different; for the groom, who ordinarily is merely the groom, in this case is an earl also, and as such fairly shares with the bride some of the glory of the occasion. It is well-known that all men want to marry American girls, if possible, but for Englishmen it is comparatively difficult to do it, because American girls are scarce in England. And for English earls the difficulty is vastly increased (especially if they are young and very well-to-do), because of the unusual temptations to which they are exposed to marry other persons. It is evident, therefore, that an earl who comes to New York to marry an American girl represents exceptional success in a recognized field of endeavor, so that it is right and reasonable that a wedding in which the bride is lovely and the groom is an earl should excite more interest and make a much greater stir than one in which the groom is merely the groom, and entitled to nothing more than the ordinary amount of credit.

## ·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

**Mr. Brennan** has had an experience that most officials would give a year's salary to escape. He has been forced to sit at a table in the Mayor's office, with a stenographer pitilessly at work at his side, the one listening and the other recording, while one of the foremost citizens and lawyers of New York told the Mayor why Mr. Brennan was utterly unfit for the office he holds. Mr. Choate spoke for the City Club, for the Good Government clubs, for the women who are working for clean streets, and for that vast voiceless multitude the poorer people of New York. He did not mince matters. He plainly told the Mayor that if he kept Brennan, he must take the chance of cholera with him. He submitted evidence of his charges, and declared that he did not care what Mr. Brennan might say or do, the charges could be proved to be true, and every man and woman who heard him knew that he was entirely correct. The amazing thing is that the Mayor should wait for such a delegation with such a spokesman to proclaim these facts, when he could not take a circuit of a half-mile from his office without learning them for himself. Having eyes and a nose, it is almost unthinkable that he should be ignorant of them. Why, then, has he refused for so long to act upon them? Simply because the requirements of the spoils-fed organization to which he (in more than one sense) belongs compel him to do so, and because the anger of that organization is more terrible to him than the resentment of his fellow-citizens or the rebuke of his own conscience. No one doubts that Mr. Gilroy would greatly prefer to do his plain duty, and would do it, were he free. That he fails, neglects, refuses to do it is the most striking and instructive lesson in the power of Tammany, and the impotence, largely voluntary, of the people of the city of New York, that this year has afforded.

The restless beneficence of Mr. John S. Kennedy has again manifested itself. The singularly valuable portion of the late George Bancroft's library of books, pamphlets, documents, letters, and maps, which were particularly used in the preparation of his history, and may be generally described as "Americana," was offered to Congress for the sum of $75,000. That this was not an extravagant price, considering the intrinsic and relative value of the collection, is shown by the fact that Mr. Kennedy has purchased it for $80,000, and given it to the Lenox Library. This noble institution has thus its usefulness definitely enlarged, a fact of especial importance, considering the recent change in its general management, which was intended to increase, and does increase, the advantage of the library to the public. Henceforth no one can write or even study adequately the history of the United States without consulting the treasures of the Lenox.

It is now published that two professional pugilists, one of whom holds what is known as the champion belt, and the other of whom came near winning it from its former possessor, have arranged to "box" each other for $40,000 at a sea-side resort near New York in December next. Some weeks ago when one of these fellows landed on our shores with the avowed purpose of arranging this speculation, he was, according to his own story, compelled openly to repudiate all such intention, because he was warned by the police that the law did not allow any one either to arrange for such a performance or to leave the State in order to arrange for it. What will the police do about the present situation? Will they ignore what appears to the common mind not only a violation of the law, but an open defiance of its officers? Will the consummation of an agreement be permitted when the agreement itself was forbidden and prevented? These queries ought to be peculiarly interesting to Mr. Byrnes.

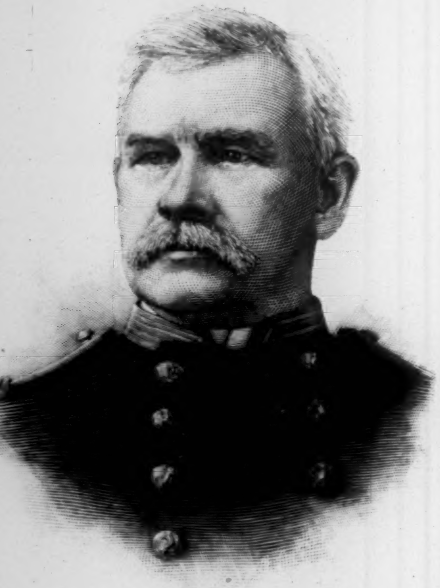
Reading the Paris papers on Egypt just now leaves one in much the same bewildered state produced by reading the Democratic papers in the "reconstruction" period on the treatment of the negroes in the South. The Parisian journalist, in his own inimitable way, and with the lightest and most delicate irony, conveys the impression that the British officials in Egypt are manufacturing mare's-nests of a most startling character in order to excuse the strengthening of the English garrison, while the unfortunate fellaheen are living in a state of profound peacefulness, tinged with melancholy at the exactions of the English, and relieved by a faintly cherished hope that the return of the beloved French may yet come about. The unfortunate Khedive is alternately bullied and deceived by the British agent, "Sir Cromer," and is wearing himself out in trying to keep his amiable subjects from driving the English into the Nile. Meanwhile the English keep on steadily, almost stolidly, at the work that they have undertaken, which is not easy, but which no other government either could or would perform, and France least of all. That work is, on the one hand, to establish gradually a decent administration in Egypt, and, on the other, to train a native army fit to cope with the invasion that is forever threatening in the south. France had the chance to share this work with England, but refused it. Her journalists will hardly gain any respect for her by scolding England, however wittily.

The battle for freedom of the press in England has been a very long and arduous one. Most people have supposed that it was finally won by the last generation of fighters, but there is one place in the kingdom where clearly something remains to be done. That, curiously enough, is in the House of Commons. A writer in the *Chronicle*, of London, who has a seat in the press gallery, recently alluded to the personal peculiarities of a prominent member, and also referred to him as a "mercenary." The matter was called to the attention of the House, with special regard to the epithet, which, we should say, might justly be resented, unless the writer could support it with solid facts. But the House refused to take action. Thereupon the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the approval of the Speaker, wrote to the editor of the *Chronicle* and warned him that the writer was abusing the privilege of the House, and was in danger of serious treatment if the offence was repeated. Now, it may be bad taste to comment on personal peculiarities in a public journal, but it is very bad judgment for the highest officer of the House of Commons to seek to regulate such comments. He might have done it had he lived fifty years ago. He cannot do it now with any safety to his own dignity or comfort. Conditions have changed, and the surest way to foster a practice which careful journalists would avoid is to make too much of it.

We are happy to be able to announce that the admirable bill for the suppression of corruption recently passed by the Legislature of Missouri, the provisions of which were noted in these columns, has been signed by the Governor of that State and has become a law. It is fortunate that the State has in the Civil Service Reform Association, which drew up and urged the bill, an organization that may be depended on to secure its enforcement so far as possible. Should this be done, Missouri will add one more to its claims to be considered one of the most progressive States of the Union.

The confidence in Mr. Morton, the new Secretary of Agriculture, awakened by his previous career, has been confirmed by the first weeks of his administration. One of the first steps he took was to promote a botanist who had been doing excellent work in botany and who had neglected politics, and he made this appointment the occasion to announce that he very much preferred efficiency in the department to party zeal. He has now relieved the former statistician of the department, and appointed Judge Robinson, the present Commissioner of Labor for the State of Michigan. This gentleman enjoys a reputation of the highest character, not only for the fairness of his work, but for rare skill and intelligence in his peculiar line. No one who has had anything to do with the use of statistics is ignorant of the exasperating nature of bad work in their compilation. When they are not collected and collated with intelligence their quantity only makes them worse. Judge Robinson has the happy faculty of arranging them on the lines where they not only do not deceive, but where they throw the greatest light on the points of real importance. He will have a very broad and difficult field in the Agricultural Department, but it is a most fertile one for a competent cultivator. It now looks as if a part of the government work which has heretofore been a source of amused wonder more than of anything else to sensible men is to be made really useful. The farmers' substantial and permanent interests are to receive more attention than their votes.

Why should drunkards necessarily be confused with criminals in the eye and by the hand of the law? A man who gets drunk and appears in public unable to control himself is of course a violator of the law for his offence provided. But he is quite a different source of disturbance and danger from the man who robs or assaults peaceful and orderly citizens. But the courts can only dismiss him or send him to "the island." There he consorts with real criminals, and his self-respect being broken down by his disgrace, he may easily become a permanent and dangerous member of that strange fraternity. A bill has been introduced in each House at Albany authorizing the purchase of land in Westchester County for the purpose of founding what is called a drunkards' colony. Offenders who are guilty of drunkenness not accompanied by distinct crime are to be sent to this place and subjected to a course of really corrective discipline, including regular and sufficient labor, while every effort will be made to win them to give up their vicious habit. Naturally the percentage of recoveries, if we may use that term, will not be large, but whatever it is it will be clear gain. And if no good is done, at least there is the inestimable advantage over the present barbarous and wicked method that there is no harm done. With good management a colony of this sort may be of incalculable benefit.



REAR-ADMIRAL A. E. K. BENHAM, U. S. N
From a Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

# THREE AMERICAN FLAG-OFFICERS.

Great differences of opinion upon the subject of promotion exist among the officers of our navy. By law and regulation an officer is now advanced step by step, grade after grade, solely by a seniority rule. All other things being equal, the man who is graduated head of his class remains head of his class, and the order of precedence from top to bottom goes on until death as it was regulated by the scholastic achievements of boyhood.

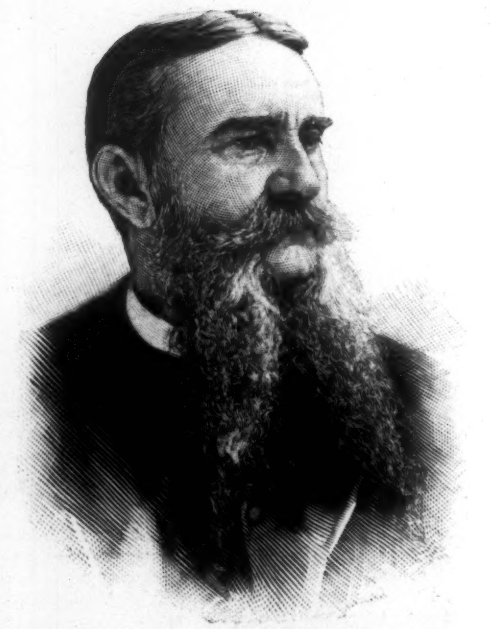
An active minority believe this to be all wrong, and are never weary in asserting that seniority promotion is detrimental to the best interests of the service. Their remedy lies in some form of selection which will enable the amplest equipment and the finest aptitudes to attain rapidly the higher grades, where, should occasion arise, the government will have at its disposal the best material.

A majority of the officers oppose selection with a bitterness and a contumely that would appall less *débonnaire* and undaunted advocates. They deny that the evils exist, and hold that seniority promotion must give and has given the average man mentally and the best man physically, and all that is needed is such a readjustment of the laws as will enable the flag and commanding grades to be reached earlier. Between both these classes are the cynically philosophical trimmers, who claim that theoretically the selectionists are all right, but practically the non-selectionists have the cold end of the poker. These concede that selection will undoubtedly result in the discovery and employment of the best, but who, they ask, with a fine humor—who are to do the selecting? Surely not the men who want to be promoted over the heads of their seniors, and as certainly not the seniors whose heads ache at the mere suggestion. They scoff at boards, and point to the blighting influences of other Star Chamber organizations in the past, and hint that only when the cherubim and seraphim consent to act can true selection—oh, always the best!—be attained.

The question is still an open one, but that the existing system is not without merits is amply proved by the records of the three men who by its operation have risen to command our representative squadrons in the Columbian Naval Review.

Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi is the senior officer of the United States navy, and as the commander-in-chief of the fleet of reception flies at his mast-head the blue flag of seniority. Gherardi was born in Louisiana in 1832, and at the age of fourteen received from his uncle, then Secretary of the Navy, his warrant as a midshipman, the appointment being credited to Massachusetts. His first service was on the ship of the line *Ohio* in the Pacific, and on the steam-sloop *Saranac* of the home station. After passing his examination he was attached to the *St. Louis*, of the Mediterranean squadron, and there took part in that memorable assertion of the rights of American nationality by Captain Ingraham when the Austrian officials refused to give up the revolutionist Michael Kosta, who had already taken out his first papers as an American citizen. The captain of the *St. Louis* became the popular hero, and even after the lapse of forty years the incident is still regarded with pride by every American sea officer. In 1855 Gherardi was commissioned Master, and soon after Lieutenant, and after service on the home station, found himself at the outbreak of the civil war on-board the *Lancaster* in the South Pacific. In 1862 he was made Lieutenant-Commander, and after most active and useful duty was appointed at the age of thirty to his first command, the *Chocura*. He was constantly employed under Farragut, took part in all the memorable battles of that famous leader, and was conspicuous for his energy and activity in all the duties assigned him. He was commissioned Commander in 1866, attached to the Pacific squadron, where he again returned when promoted to Captain in 1874. From 1877 to 1880 he commanded the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, and after being made a Commodore in 1884, was on duty as member of the examining board and as governor of the Naval Home. In 1887 he was promoted to Rear-Admiral, and ordered to the command of the Navy-yard, New York. In 1889 he was detailed for the command of the North Atlantic station, and his conspicuous services in Haiti and in command of the squadron sent east from the Pacific are too recent to need recapitulation. His total service extends over forty-seven years, during which time he has been nearly twenty-six years at sea, fifteen and a half years on shore duty, and only six years on leave or unemployed.

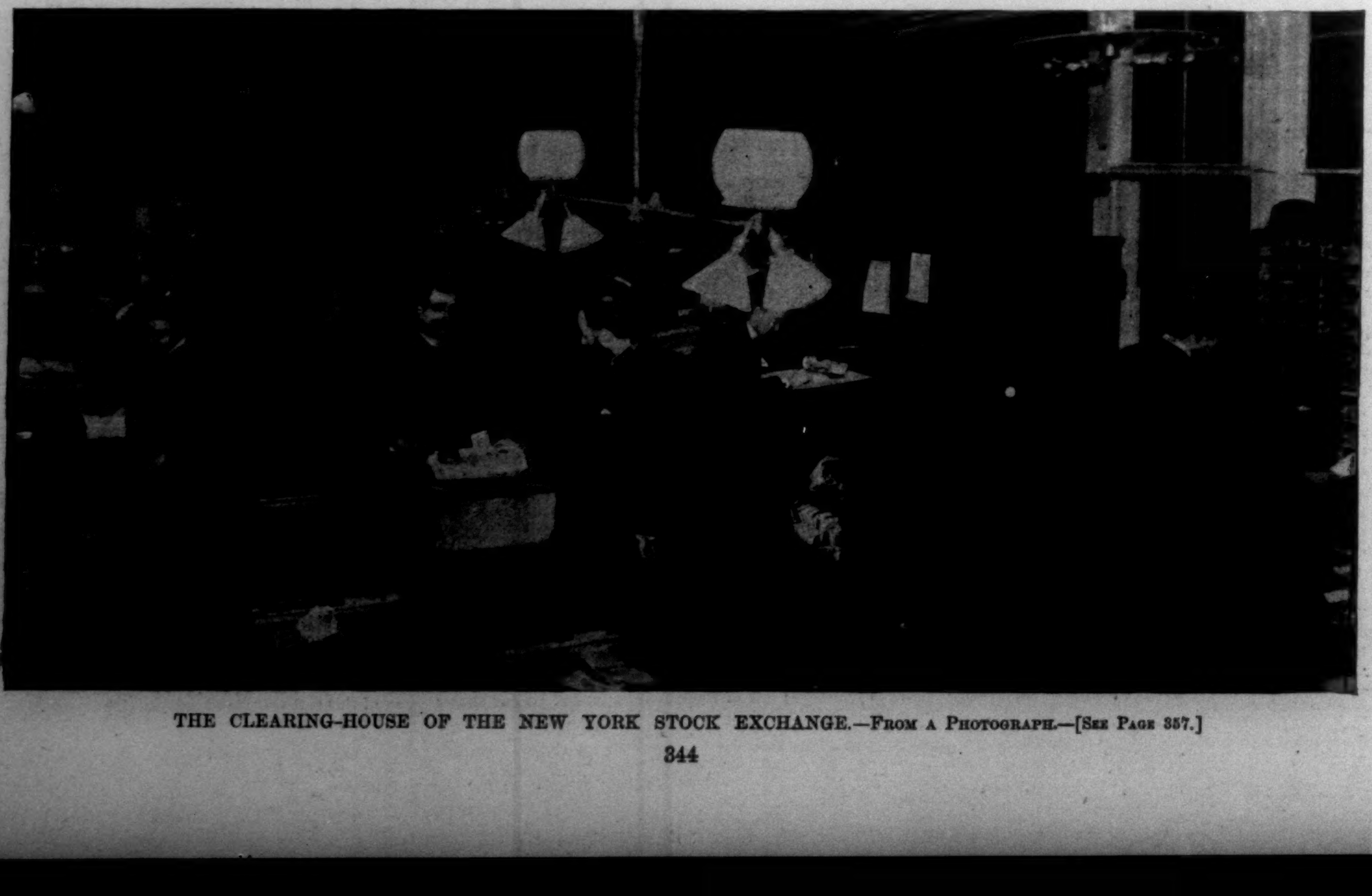
Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham is the fourth ranking officer of the United States navy, and was appointed to the service in 1847 from the State of New York. His earliest services were in the East Indies and in the home squadron. He returned to the Naval Academy for his final examination, and was graduated and promoted to passed midshipman in 1853. From this date to the beginning of the civil war he served in the Pacific, on the Coast Survey, and in the memorable Paraguayan expedition. In 1855 he was promoted Lieutenant, and in 1860-61 was attached to the *Crusader*, of the home squadron. He took part in the battle of Port Royal, was attached to vessels performing blockading and cruising duties, and in 1862 received his promotion to Lieutenant-Commander. He served with the famous West Gulf blockading squadron, sharing its fortunes and participating in all its excellent work, and after the close of the war was detailed to the *Susquehanna*, then employed on special service. In 1867 he was promoted to Commander, and after duty at the navy-yard, New York, and as Light-house Inspector, was ordered to the command of the monitor *Canonicus*, and subsequently of the monitor *Saugus*. After being promoted to Captain in 1875 he commanded the *Richmond*, on the Asiatic station, and when his cruise was done returned home, and was assigned to duty at the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and later to the command of the Light-house district, New York, the most important assignment in that line. In 1885 he was made a Commodore, and commanded the navy-yard at Mare Island, and upon his promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral was ordered to the command of the South American station. Circumstances have prevented him reaching the limits of his station, as he was ordered to Europe in connection with the Spanish Columbian celebration, and upon the completion of this he was actively engaged in various duties up the Mediterranean. His latest duty was to tow to Havana from Spain the caravels, and this was most successfully performed. Out of his forty-six years' service he has been twenty-two years at sea, eighteen years on shore duty, and five and a half years on leave or unemployed. There is a common belief in the service that every man who has served with Benham wants to serve with him again, and there is no duty wherein he would be asked to lead where volunteers would not throng.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER, U. S. N.

Popularity is sometimes meanly bought, but the affection and service regard for Benham are as sincere as the character which has evoked them.

No officer is better known at home and abroad than Commodore and acting Rear-Admiral John Grimes Walker. For many years he has been a most important and influential factor in naval affairs, and has been gladly accepted by the service at large as one of its foremost representatives. He was born in New Hampshire, and in 1850 was appointed a midshipman from Iowa. After a year's service at the Naval Academy, he was detailed to the Pacific squadron, and upon his return in 1856 was graduated and promoted to passed midshipman. He saw service in Brazil and off our coast, receiving his commission as Lieutenant in 1858. His first war service was in the West Gulf blockading squadron, and he took part in Farragut's passage of the forts and the capture of New Orleans. For the next two years he was engaged in all the hot work upon the Mississippi and adjacent rivers. In 1862 he commanded, as Lieutenant-Commander, the *Baron de Kalb*, took part in the operations against Vicksburg, in the two attacks on Haines Bluff, in the engagement at Arkansas Post, in the expedition up the Yazoo, the attack on Fort Pemberton and the capture of Yazoo City; commanded the naval battery ashore at the siege of Vicksburg, and was soon afterwards transferred to the North Atlantic squadron. He assisted in the capture of Wilmington, and until the end of the war was as actively and honorably engaged on the Atlantic coast as he had been on the Mississippi River. He was advanced certain numbers for conspicuous service, and was commissioned a Commander in 1866. After duty on board the *Shawmut* in Brazil, and with the *Sabine* on special service, he was detailed for duty at the Naval Academy, as Light-house Inspector and as Secretary of the Light-house Board. He was made a Captain in 1877, saw two years' work subsequently in connection with a Western railroad, to which he brought his characteristic energy and ability, and was then ordered to sea in command of the *Powhatan* on the North Atlantic station. In 1881 he was made chief of the Bureau of Navigation, held the office for eight years, and then, with the acting commission of a Rear-Admiral, was assigned to the command of the well-known squadron of evolution. When this was dispersed, he was given the command of the North Atlantic station. In his forty-three years' service he has been seventeen years at sea, twenty years upon shore duty, and but five years on leave or unemployed.



THE CLEARING-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 357.]

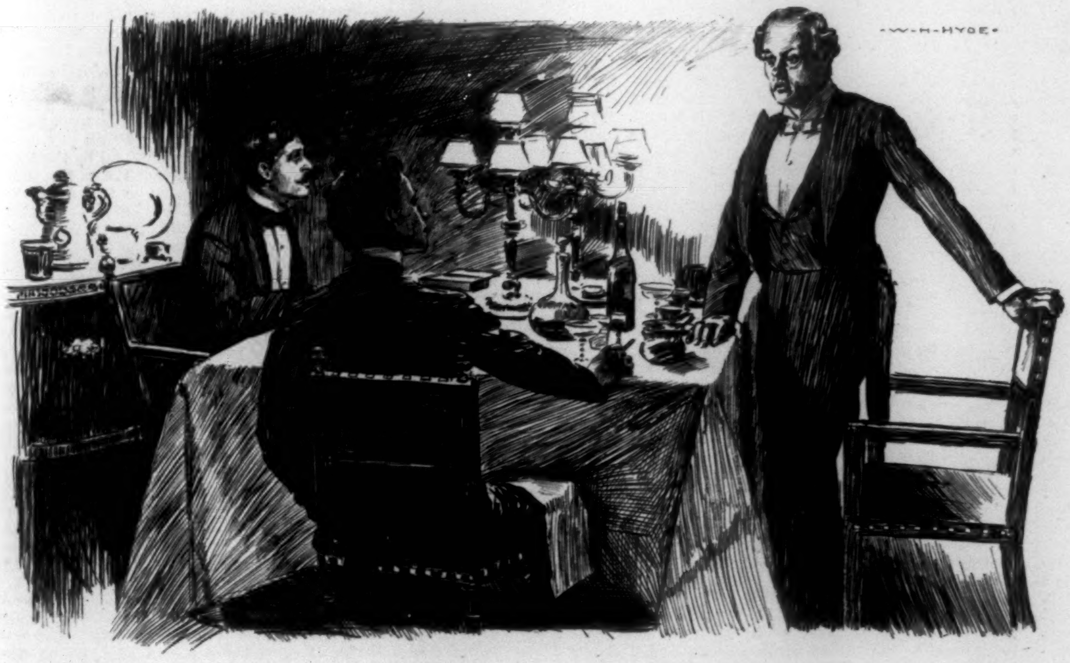
# THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of “The Refugees,” “The Great Shadow,” “Micah Clarke,” etc.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE “GLORIA SCOTT.”

I HAVE some papers here,” said my friend Sherlock Holmes, as we sat one winter's night on either side of the fire, “which I really think, Watson, it would be worth your while to glance over. These are the documents in the extraordinary case of the *Gloria Scott*, and this is the message which struck Justice of the Peace Trevor dead with horror when he read it.”



“FIXED HIS LARGE BLUE EYES UPON ME WITH A STRANGE WILD STARE.”

He had picked from a drawer a little tarnished cylinder, and undoing the tape, he handed me a short note scrawled upon a half-sheet of slate-gray paper.

“The supply of game for London is going steadily up,” it ran. “Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen pheasant's life.”

As I glanced up from reading this enigmatical message I saw Holmes chuckling at the expression upon my face.

“You look a little bewildered,” said he.

“I cannot see how such a message as this could inspire horror. It seems to me to be rather grotesque than otherwise.”

“Very likely. Yet the fact remains that the reader, who was a fine robust old man, was knocked clean down by it as if it had been the butt end of a pistol.”

“You arouse my curiosity,” said I. “But why did you say just now that there were very particular reasons why I should study this case?”

“Because it was the first in which I was ever engaged.”

I had often endeavored to elicit from my companion what had first turned his mind in the direction of criminal research, but had never caught him before in a communicative humor. Now he sat forward in his arm-chair, and spread out the documents upon his knees. Then he lit his pipe, and sat for some time smoking and turning them over.

“You never heard me talk of Victor Trevor?” he asked. “He was the only friend I made during the two years I was at college. I was never a very sociable fellow, Watson, always rather fond of moping in my rooms and working out my own little methods of thought, so that I never mixed much with the men of my year. Bar fencing and boxing I had few athletic tastes, and then my line of study was quite distinct from that of the other fellows, so that we had no points of contact at all. Trevor was the only man I knew, and that only through the accident of his bull-terrier freezing on to my ankle one morning as I went down to chapel.

“It was a prosaic way of forming a friendship, but it was effective. I was laid by the heels for ten days, and Trevor used to come in to inquire after me. At first it was only a minute's chat, but soon his visits lengthened, and before the end of the term we were close friends. He was a hearty, full-blooded fellow, full of spirits and energy, the very opposite to me in most respects, but we had some subjects in common, and it was a bond of union when I found that he was as friendless as I. Finally he invited me down to his father's place at Donnithorpe in Norfolk, and I accepted his hospitality for a month of the long vacation.

“Old Trevor was evidently a man of some wealth and consideration, a J. P., and a landed proprietor. Donnithorpe is a little hamlet just to the north of Langmere in the country of the Broads. The house was an old-fashioned, widespread, oak-beamed brick building with a fine lime-lined avenue leading up to it. There were excellent wild-duck shooting in the fens, remarkably good fishing, a small but select library taken over, as I understood, from a former occupant, and a tolerable cook, so that it would be a fastidious man who could not put in a pleasant month there.

“Trevor senior was a widower, and my friend his only son. There had been a daughter, I heard, but she had died of diphtheria while on a visit to Birmingham. The father interested me extremely. He was a man of little culture, but with a considerable amount of rude strength, both physical and mental. He knew hardly any books; but he had travelled far, had seen much of the world, and had remembered all that he had learned. In person he was a thick-set, burly man, with a shock of grizzled hair, a brown weather-beaten face, and blue eyes which were keen to the verge of fierceness. Yet he had a reputation for kindness and charity on the country-side, and was noted for the leniency of his sentences from the bench.

“One evening shortly after my arrival we were sitting over a glass of port after dinner when young Trevor began to talk about those habits of observation and inference which I had already formed into a system, although I had not yet appreciated the part which they were to play in my life. The old man evidently thought that his son was exaggerating in his description of one or two trivial feats which I had performed.

“ ‘Come, now, Mr. Holmes,’ said he, laughing good-humoredly, ‘I'm an excellent subject, if you can deduce anything from me.’

“ ‘I fear there is not very much,’ I answered. ‘I might suggest that you have gone about in fear of some personal attack within the last twelvemonth.’

“The laugh faded from his lips, and he stared at me in great surprise.

“ ‘Well, that's true enough,’ said he. ‘You know, Victor,’ turning to his son, ‘when we broke up that poaching gang they swore to knife us, and Sir Edward Holly has actually been attacked. I've always been on my guard since then, though I have no idea how you know it.’

“ ‘You have a very handsome stick,’ I answered. ‘By the inscription I observed that you had not had it more than a year. But you have taken some pains to bore the head of it and pour melted lead into the hole so as to make it a formidable weapon. I argued that you would not take such precautions unless you had some danger to fear.’

“ ‘Anything else?’ he asked, smiling.

“ ‘You have boxed a good deal in your youth.’

“ ‘Right again. How did you know it? Is my nose knocked a little out of the straight?’

“ ‘No,’ said I. ‘It is your ears. They have the peculiar flattening and thickening which mark the boxing-man.’

“ ‘Anything else?’

“ ‘You have done a good deal of digging by your callosities.’

“ ‘Made all my money at the gold-fields.’

“ ‘You have been in New Zealand.’

“ ‘Right again.’

“ ‘You have visited Japan.’

“ ‘Quite true.’

“ ‘And you have been most intimately associated with some one whose initials were J. A., and whom you afterwards were eager to entirely forget.’

“Mr. Trevor stood slowly up, fixed his large blue eyes upon me with a strange wild stare, and then pitched forward with his face among the nutshells which strewed the cloth in a dead faint.

“You can imagine, Watson, how shocked both his son and I were. His attack did not last long, however, for when we undid his collar and sprinkled the water from one of the finger-glasses over his face, he gave a gasp or two and sat up.

“ ‘Ah, boys,’ said he, forcing a smile, ‘I hope I haven't frightened you. Strong as I look, there is a weak place in my heart, and it does not take much to knock me over. I don't know how you manage this, Mr. Holmes, but it seems to me that all the detectives of fact and of fancy would be children in your hands. That's your line of life, sir, and you may take the word of a man who has seen something of the world.

“And that recommendation, with the exaggerated estimate of my ability with which he prefaced it, was, if you will believe me, Watson, the very first thing which ever made me feel that a profession might be made out of what had up to that time been the merest hobby. At the moment, however, I was too much concerned at the sudden illness of my host to think of anything else.

“ ‘I hope that I have said nothing to pain you?’ said I.

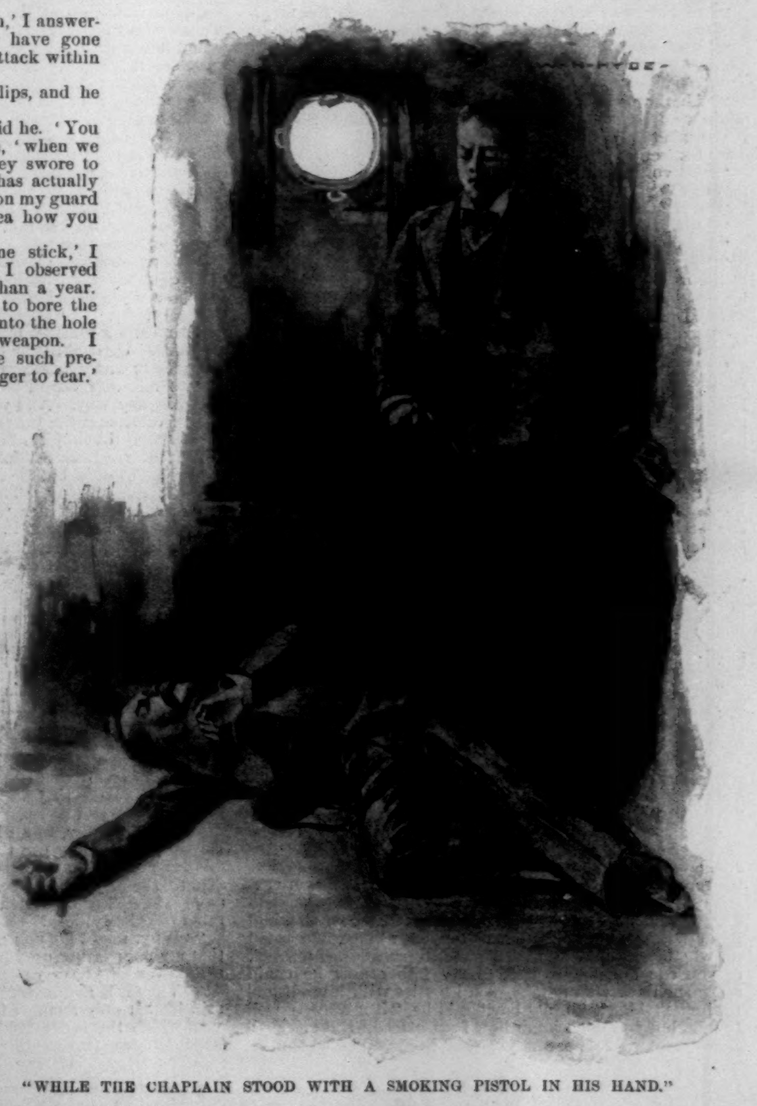
“ ‘Well, you certainly touched upon rather a tender point. Might I ask how you know and how much you know?’ He spoke now in a half-jesting fashion, but a look of terror still lurked at the back of his eyes.

“ ‘It is simplicity itself,’ said I. ‘When you bared your arm to draw that fish into the boat I saw that J. A. had been tattooed in the bend of the elbow. The letters were still legible, but it was perfectly clear from their blurred appearance and from the staining of the skin round them that efforts had been made to obliterate them. It was obvious, then, that those initials had once been very familiar to you, and that you had afterwards wished to forget them.’

“ ‘What an eye you have!’ he cried, with a sigh of relief. ‘It is just as you say. But we won't talk of it. Of all ghosts the ghosts of our old lovers are the worst. Come into the billiard-room and have a quiet cigar.’

“From that day, amid all his cordiality, there was always a touch of suspicion in Mr. Trevor's manner towards me. Even his son remarked it. ‘You've given the governor such a turn,’ said he, ‘that he'll never be sure again of what you know and what you don't know.’ He did not mean to show it, I am sure, but it was so strongly in his mind that it peeped out at every action. At last I became so convinced that I was causing him uneasiness that I drew my visit to a close. On the very day, however, before I left an incident occurred which proved in the sequel to be of importance.

“We were sitting out upon the lawn on garden chairs, the three of us, basking in the sun and admiring the view across



“WHILE THE CHAPLAIN STOOD WITH A SMOKING PISTOL IN HIS HAND.”

the Broads, when the maid came out to say that there was a man at the door who wanted to see Mr. Trevor.

"'What is his name?' asked my host.

"'He would not give any.'

"'What does he want, then?'

"'He says that you know him, and that he only wants a moment's conversation.'

"'Show him round here.'

"An instant afterwards there appeared a little wizened fellow with a cringing manner and a shambling style of walking. He wore an open jacket, with a splotch of tar on the sleeve, a red and black check shirt, dungaree trousers, and heavy boots badly worn. His face was thin and brown and crafty, with a perpetual smile upon it which showed an irregular line of yellow teeth, and his crinkled hands were half closed in a way that is distinctive of sailors. As he came slouching across the lawn I heard Mr. Trevor make a sort of hiccoughing noise in his throat, and jumping out of his chair he ran into the house. He was back in a moment, and I smelt a strong reek of brandy as he passed me.

"'Well, my man,' said he, 'what can I do for you?'

"The sailor stood looking at him with puckered eyes, and with the same loose-lipped smile upon his face.

"'You don't know me?' he asked.

"'Why, dear me, it is surely Hudson,' said Mr. Trevor, in a tone of surprise.

"'Hudson it is, sir,' said the seaman. 'Why, it's thirty years and more since I saw you last. Here you are in your house, and me still picking my salt meat out of the harness cask.'

"'Tut! You will find that I have not forgotten old times,' cried Mr. Trevor, and walking towards the sailor, he said something in a low voice. 'Go into the kitchen,' he continued, out loud, 'and you will get food and drink. I have no doubt that I shall find you a situation.'

"'Thank you, sir,' said the seaman, touching his forelock. 'I'm just off a two-yearer in an eight-knot tramp, short-handed at that, and I wants a rest. I thought I'd get it either with Mr. Beddoes or with you.'

"'Ah!' cried Mr. Trevor; 'you know where Mr. Beddoes is?'

"'Bless you, sir, I know where all my old friends are,' said the fellow with a sinister smile, and slouched off after the maid to the kitchen.

"Mr. Trevor mumbled something to us about having been shipmates with the man when he was going back to the diggings, and then, leaving us on the lawn, he went in-doors. An hour later when we entered the house we found him stretched dead drunk upon the dining-room sofa. The whole incident left a most ugly impression upon my mind, and I was not sorry next day to leave Donnithorpe behind me, for I felt that my presence must be a source of embarrassment to my friend.

"All this occurred during the first month of the long vacation. I went up to my London rooms, where I spent seven weeks working out a few experiments in organic chemistry. One day, however, when the autumn was far advanced and the vacation drawing to a close, I received a telegram from my friend imploring me to return to Donnithorpe, and saying that he was in great need of my advice and assistance. Of course I dropped everything, and set out for the north once more.

"He met me with the dog-cart at the station, and I saw at a glance that the last two months had been very trying ones for him. He had grown thin and careworn, and had lost the loud cheery manner for which he had been remarkable.

"'The governor is dying,' were the first words he said.

"'Impossible!' I cried. 'What is the matter?'

"'Apoplexy. Nervous shock. He's been on the verge all day. I doubt if we shall find him alive.'

"I was, as you may think, Watson, horrified at this unexpected news.

"'What has caused it?' I asked.

"'Ah, that is the point. Jump in, and we can talk it over while we drive. You remember that fellow who came upon the evening before you left us?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Do you know who it was that we let into the house that day?'

"'I have no idea.'

"'It was the devil, Holmes,' he cried.

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Yes, it was the devil himself. We have not had a peaceful hour since—not one. The governor has never held up his head from that evening, and now the life has been crushed out of him, and his heart broken all through this accursed Hudson.'

"'What power had he, then?'

"'Ah, that is what I would give so much to know. The kindly, charitable, good old governor; how could he have fallen into the clutches of such a ruffian! But I am so glad that you have come, Holmes. I trust very much to your judgment and discretion, and I know that you will advise me for the best.'

"We were dashing along the smooth white country road, with the long stretch of the Broads in front of us glimmering in the red light of the setting sun. From a grove upon our left I could already see the high chimneys and the flag-staff which marked the squire's dwelling.

"'My father made the fellow gardener,' said my companion, 'and then, as that did not satisfy him, he was promoted to be butler. The house seemed to be at his mercy, and he wandered about and did what he chose in it. The maids complained of his drunken habits and his vile language. The dad raised their wages all round to recompense them for the annoyance. The fellow would take the boat and my father's best gun, and treat himself to little shooting parties. And all this with such a sneering, leering, insolent face, that I would have knocked him down twenty times over if he had been a man of my own age. I tell you, Holmes, I have had to keep a tight hold upon myself all this time, and now I am asking myself whether if I had let myself go a little more I might not have been a wiser man. Well, matters went from bad to worse with us, and this animal Hudson became more and more intrusive, until at last, on his making some insolent reply to my father in my presence one day, I took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the room. He slunk away with a livid face, and two venomous eyes which uttered more threats than his tongue could do. I don't know what passed between the poor dad and him after that, but the dad came to me next day, and asked me whether I would mind apologizing to Hudson. I refused, as you can imagine, and asked my father how he could allow such a wretch to take such liberties with himself and his household. "Ah, my boy," said he, "it is all very well to talk, but you don't know how I am placed. But you shall know, Victor. I'll see that you shall know, come what may! You wouldn't believe harm of your poor old father, would you, lad?" He was very much moved, and shut himself up in the study all day, where I could see through the window that he was busily writing. That evening there came what seemed to me to be a grand release, for Hudson told us that he was going to leave us. He walked into the dining-room as we sat after dinner, and announced his intention in the thick voice of a half-drunken man. "I've had enough of Norfolk," said he. "I'll run down to Mr. Beddoes in Hampshire. He'll be as glad to see me as you were, I dare say." "You're not going away in an unkind spirit, Hudson, I hope," said my father, with a tameness which made my blood boil. "I've not had my 'pology," said he, sulkily, glancing in my direction. "Victor, you will acknowledge that you have used this worthy fellow rather roughly," said the dad, turning to me. "On the contrary, I think that we have both shown extraordinary patience towards him," I answered. "Oh, you do, do you?" he snarled. "Very good, mate. We'll see about that." He slouched out of the room, and half an hour afterwards left the house, leaving my father in a state of pitiable nervousness. Night after night I heard him pacing his room, and it was just as he was recovering his confidence that the blow at last fell.'

"'And how?' I asked, eagerly.

"'In a most extraordinary fashion. A letter arrived for my father yesterday evening, bearing the Fordingbridge post-mark. My father read it, clapped both his hands to his head, and began running round the room in little circles like a man who has been driven out of his senses. When I at last drew him down on to the sofa, his mouth and eyelids were all puckered on one side, and I saw that he had a stroke. Dr. Fordham came over at once; we put him to bed; but the paralysis has spread. He has shown no sign of returning consciousness, and I think that we shall hardly find him alive.'

"'You horrify me, Trevor!' I cried. 'What, then, could have been in this letter to cause so dreadful a result?'

"'Nothing. There lies the inexplicable part of it. The message was absurd and trivial. Ah, my God, it is as I feared!'

"As he spoke we came round the curve of the avenue, and saw in the fading light that every blind in the house had been drawn down. As we dashed up to the door, my friend's face convulsed with grief, a gentleman in black emerged from it.

"'When did it happen, doctor?' asked Trevor.

"'Almost immediately after you left.'

"'Did he recover consciousness?'

"'For an instant before the end.'

"'Any message for me?'

"'Only that the papers were in the back drawer of the Japanese cabinet.'

"My friend ascended with the doctor to the chamber of death, while I remained in the study, turning the whole matter over and over in my head, and feeling as sombre as ever I had done in my life. What was the past of this Trevor—pugilist, traveller, and gold-digger, and how had he placed himself in the power of this acid-faced seaman? Why, too, should he faint at an allusion to the half-effaced initials upon his arm, and die of fright when he had a letter from Fordingbridge? Then I remembered that Fordingbridge was in Hampshire, and that this Mr. Beddoes, whom the seaman had gone to visit, and presumably to blackmail, had also been mentioned as living in Hampshire. The letter then might either have come from Hudson, the seaman, saying that he had betrayed the guilty secret which appeared to exist, or from Beddoes, warning an old confederate that such a betrayal was imminent. So far it seemed clear enough. But then how could this letter be trivial and grotesque, as described by the son? He must have misread it. If so, it must have been one of those ingenious secret codes which mean one thing while they seem to mean another. I must see this letter. If there were a hidden meaning in it I was confident that I could pluck it forth. For an hour I sat pondering over it in the gloom, until at last a weeping maid brought in a lamp, and close at her heels came my friend Trevor, pale but composed, with these very papers which lie upon my knee held in his grasp. He sat down opposite to me, drew the lamp to the edge of the table, and handed me a short note scribbled, as you see, upon a single sheet of gray paper. 'The supply of game for London is going steadily up,' it ran. 'Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen pheasant's life.'

"I dare say my face looked as bewildered as yours did just now when first I read this message. Then I re-read it very carefully. It was evidently as I had thought, and some secret meaning must lie buried in this strange combination of words. Or could it be that there was a prearranged significance to such phrases as 'fly-paper' and 'hen pheasant'? Such a meaning would be arbitrary, and could not be deduced in any way. And yet I was loth to believe that this was the case, and the presence of the word Hudson seemed to show that the subject of the message was as I had guessed, and that it was from Beddoes rather than from the sailor. I tried it backwards, but the combination 'life pheasant's hen' was not encouraging. Then I tried alternate words, but neither 'the of for' nor 'supply game London' promised to throw any light upon it.

"And then in an instant the key of the riddle was in my hands, and I saw that every third word, beginning with the first, would give a message which might well drive old Trevor to despair.

"It was short and terse the warning as I now read it to my companion:

"'The game is up. Hudson has told all. Fly for your life!'

"Victor Trevor sank his face into his shaking hands. 'It must be that, I suppose,' said he. 'This is worse than death, for it means disgrace as well. But what is the meaning of these "head-keepers" and "hen pheasants"?'

"'It means nothing to the message, but it might mean a good deal to us if we had no other means of discovering the sender. You see that he has begun by writing "The.... game.... is," and so on. Afterwards he had, to fulfil the prearranged cipher, to fill in any two words in each space. He would naturally use the first words which came to his mind, and if there were so many which referred to sport among them, you may be tolerably sure that he is either an ardent shot or interested in breeding. Do you know anything of this Beddoes?'

"'Why, now that you mention it,' said he, 'I remember that my poor father used to have an invitation from him to shoot over his preserves every autumn.'

"'Then it is undoubtedly from him that the note comes,' said I. 'It only remains for us to find out what this secret was which the sailor Hudson seems to have held over the heads of these two wealthy and respected men.'

"'Alas! Holmes, I fear that it is one of sin and shame,' cried my friend. 'But from you I shall have no secrets. Here is the statement which was drawn up by my father when he knew that the danger from Hudson had become imminent. I found it in the Japanese cabinet, as he told the doctor. Take it and read it to me, for I have neither the strength nor the courage to do it myself.'

"These are the very papers, Watson, which he handed to me, and I will read them to you as I read them in the old study that night to him. They are endorsed outside, as you see, 'Some particulars of the voyage of the barque *Gloria Scott* from her leaving Falmouth on the 8th October, 1855, to her destruction in N. Lat. 15° 20′, W. Long. 25° 14′, on November 6th.' It is in the form of a letter, and runs in this way:

"MY DEAR, DEAR SON,—now that approaching disgrace begins to darken the closing years of my life, I can write with all truth and honesty that it is not the terror of the law, it is not the loss of my position in the county, nor is it my fall in the eyes of all who have known me which cuts me to the heart, but it is the thought that you should come to blush for me—you who love me, and who have seldom, I hope, had reason to do other than respect me. But if the blow falls which is forever hanging over me, then I should wish you to read this that you may know straight from me how far I have been to blame. On the other hand, if all should go well (which may kind God Almighty grant!), then if by any chance this paper should be still undestroyed and should fall into your hands, I conjure you by all you hold sacred, by the memory of your dear mother, and by the love which has been between us, to hurl it into the fire, and to never give one thought to it again.

"If, then, your eye goes on to read this line, I know that I shall already have been exposed and dragged from my home, or, as is more likely, for you know that my heart is weak, be lying with my tongue sealed forever in death. In either case the time for suppression is past, and every word which I tell you is the naked truth, and this I swear, as I hope for mercy.

"My name, dear lad, is not Trevor. I was James Armitage in my younger days, and you can understand now the shock that it was to me a few weeks ago when your college friend addressed me in words which seemed to imply that he had surprised my secret. As Armitage it was that I entered a London banking-house, and as Armitage I was convicted of breaking my country's laws, and was sentenced to transportation. Do not think very harshly of me, laddie. It was a debt of honor, so called, which I had to pay, and I used money which was not my own to do it, in the certainty that I could replace it before there could be any possibility of its being missed. But the most dreadful ill luck pursued me. The money which I had reckoned upon never came to hand, and a premature examination of accounts exposed my deficit. The case might have been dealt leniently with, but the laws were more harshly administered thirty years ago than now, and on my twenty-third birthday I found myself chained as a felon with thirty-seven other convicts in the 'tween-decks of the barque *Gloria Scott*, bound for Australia.

"It was the year '55, when the Crimean war was at its height, and the old convict ships had been largely used as transports in the Black Sea. The government was compelled, therefore, to use smaller and less suitable vessels for sending out their prisoners. The *Gloria Scott* had been in the Chinese tea trade, but she was an old-fashioned, heavy-bowed, broad-beamed craft, and the new clippers had cut her out. She was a 500-ton boat, and, besides her thirty-eight gaol-birds, she carried twenty-six of a crew, eighteen soldiers, a captain, three mates, a doctor, a chaplain, and four warders. Nearly a hundred souls were in her, all told, when we set sail from Falmouth.

"The partitions between the cells of the convicts instead of being of thick oak, as is usual in convict ships, were quite thin and frail. The man next to me upon the left side was one whom I had particularly noticed when we were led down the quay. He was a young man, with a clear, hairless face, a long thin nose, and rather nut-cracker jaws. He carried his head very jauntily in the air, had a swaggering style of walking, and was above all else remarkable for his extraordinary height. I don't think any of our heads would come up to his shoulder, and I am sure that he could not have measured less than six and a half feet. It was strange among so many sad and weary faces to see one which was full of energy and resolution. The sight of it was to me like a fire in a snow-storm. I was glad, then, to find that he was my neighbor, and gladder still when in the dead of the night I heard a whisper close to my ear, and found that he had managed to cut an opening in the board which separated us.

"'Hullo, chummy!' said he, 'what's your name and what are you here for?'

"I answered him, and asked in turn who I was talking with.

"'I'm Jack Prendergast,' said he, 'and, by God! you'll learn to bless my name before you've done with me.'

"I remembered hearing of his case, for it was one which had made an immense sensation throughout the country some time before my own arrest. He was a man of good family and of great ability, but of incurably vicious habits, who had by an ingenious system of fraud obtained huge sums of money from the leading London merchants.

"'Ha, ha! You remember my case?' said he, proudly.

"'Very well indeed.'

"'Then maybe you remember something queer about it?'

"'What was that then?'

"'I'd had nearly a quarter of a million, hadn't I?'

"'So it was said.'

"'But none was recovered, eh?'

"'No.'

"'Well, where d'ye suppose the balance is?' he asked.

"'I have no idea,' said I.

"'Right between my finger and thumb,' he cried. 'By God I've got more pounds to my name than you've hairs on your head. And if you've money, my son, and know how to handle it and spread it, you can do *anything*. Now you don't think it likely that a man who could do anything is going to wear his breeches out sitting in the stinking hold of a rat-gutted, beetle-ridden, mouldy old coffin of a China coaster. No, sir, such a man will look after himself and will look after his chums. You may lay to that! You hold on to him, and you may kiss the book that he'll haul you through.'

"That was his style of talk, and at first I thought it meant nothing, but after a while, when he had tested me and sworn me in with all possible solemnity, he let me understand that there really was a plot to gain command of the vessel. A dozen of the prisoners had hatched it before they came aboard. Prendergast was the leader, and his money was the motive power.

"'I've a partner,' said he, 'a rare good man, as true as a stock to a barrel. He's got the dibbs, he has; and where do you think he is at this moment? Why, he's the chaplain of this ship—the chaplain, no less! He came aboard with a black coat and his papers right, and money enough in his box to buy the thing right up from keel to main-truck. The crew are his, body and soul. He could buy 'em at so much a gross with a cash discount, and he did it before ever they signed on. He's got two of the warders, and Mercer, the second mate, and he'd get the captain himself if he thought him worth it.'

"'What are we to do, then?' I asked.

"'What do you think?' said he. 'We'll make the coats of some of these soldiers redder than ever the tailor did.'

"'But they are armed,' said I.

"'And so shall we be, my boy. There's a brace of pistols for every mother's son of us, and if we can't carry this ship, with the crew at our back, it's time we were all sent to a young misses' boarding-school. You speak to your mate upon the left to-night, and see if he is to be trusted.'

"I did so, and found my other neighbor to be a young fellow in much the same position as myself, whose crime had been forgery. His name was Evans, but he afterwards changed it, like myself, and he is now a rich and prosperous man in the south of England. He was ready enough to join the conspiracy, as the only means of saving ourselves, and before we had crossed the Bay there were only two of the prisoners who were not in the secret. One of these was of weak mind, and we did not dare to trust him, and the other was suffering from jaundice, and could not be of any use to us.

"From the beginning there was really nothing to prevent us from taking possession of the ship. The crew were a set of ruffians specially picked for the job. The sham chaplain came into our cells to exhort us, carrying a black bag supposed to be full of tracts, and so often did he come that by the third day we had each stowed away at the foot of our beds a file, a brace of pistols, a pound of powder, and twenty slugs. Two of the warders were agents of Prendergast, and the second mate was his right-hand man. The captain, the two mates, two warders, Lieutenant Martin, his eighteen soldiers, and the doctor were all that we had against us. Yet, safe as it was, we determined to neglect no precaution, and to make our attack suddenly by night. It came, however, more quickly than we expected, and in this way:

"One evening, about the third week after our start, the doctor had come down to see one of the prisoners who was ill, and putting his hand down on the bottom of his bunk he felt the outline of the pistols. If he had been silent, he might have blown the whole thing, but he was a nervous little chap, so he gave a cry of surprise, and turned so pale that the man knew what was up in an instant and seized him. He was gagged before he could give the alarm and tied down upon the bed. He had unlocked the door that led to the deck, and we were through it in a rush. The two sentries were shot down, and so was a corporal who came running to see what was the matter. There were two more soldiers at the door of the state-room, and their muskets seemed not to be loaded, for they never fired upon us, and they were shot while trying to fix their bayonets. Then we rushed on into the captain's cabin, but as we pushed open the door there was an explosion from within, and there he lay with his brains smeared over the chart of the Atlantic which was pinned upon the table, while the chaplain stood with a smoking pistol in his hand at his elbow. The two mates had both been seized by the crew, and the whole business seemed to be settled.

"The state-room was next the cabin, and we flocked in there and flopped down on the settees, all speaking together, for we were just mad with the feeling that we were free once more. There were lockers all round, and Wilson, the sham chaplain, knocked one of them in, and pulled out a dozen of brown sherry. We cracked off the necks of the bottles, poured the stuff out into tumblers, and were just tossing them off when, in an instant, without warning, there came the roar of muskets in our ears, and the saloon was so full of smoke that we could not see across the table. When it cleared again the place was a shambles. Wilson and eight others were wriggling on the top of each other on the floor, and the blood and the brown sherry on that table turn me sick now when I think of it. We were so cowed by the sight that I think we should have given the job up if it had not been for Prendergast. He bellowed like a bull, and rushed for the door with all that were left alive at his heels. Out we ran, and there on the poop were the lieutenant and ten of his men. The swing skylight above the saloon table had been a bit open, and they had fired on us through the slit. We got on them before they could load, and they stood to it like men, but we had the upper hand of them, and in five minutes it was all over. My God, was there ever a slaughter-house like that ship! Prendergast was like a raving devil, and he picked the soldiers up as if they had been children and threw them overboard, alive or dead. There was one sergeant that was horribly wounded and yet kept on swimming for a surprising time, until some one in mercy blew out his brains. When the fighting was over there was no one left of our enemies except just the warders, the mates, and the doctor.

"It was over them that the great quarrel arose. There were many of us who were glad enough to win back our freedom and yet who had no wish to have murder on our souls. It was one thing to knock the soldiers over with their muskets in their hands, and it was another to stand by while men were being killed in cold blood. Eight of us—five convicts and three sailors—said that we would not see it done. But there was no moving Prendergast and those who were with him. Our only chance of safety lay in making a clean job of it, said he, and he would not leave a tongue with power to wag in a witness-box. It nearly came to our sharing the fate of the prisoners, but at last he said that if we wished we might take a boat and go. We jumped at the offer, for we were already sick of these bloodthirsty doings, and we saw that there would be worse before it was done. We were given a suit of sailor togs each, a barrel of water, two casks, one of junk and one of biscuits, and a compass. Prendergast threw us over a chart, told us that we were shipwrecked mariners, whose ship had foundered in lat. 15° and long. 25° west, and then cut the painter and let us go.

"And now I come to the most surprising part of my story, my dear son. The seamen had hauled the fore-yard aback during the rising, but now, as we left them, they brought it square again, and, as there was a light wind from the north and east, the barque began to draw slowly away from us. Our boat lay, rising and falling, upon the long smooth rollers, and Evans and I, who were the most educated of the party, were sitting in the sheets working out our position and planning what coast we should make for. It was a nice question, for the Cape de Verdes were about five hundred miles to the north of us, and the African coast about seven hundred to the east. On the whole, as the wind was coming round to the north, we thought that Sierra Leone might be best, and turned our head in that direction, the barque being at that time nearly hull down on our starboard quarter. Suddenly, as we looked at her, we saw a dense black cloud of smoke shoot up from her, which hung like a monstrous tree upon the sky-line. A few seconds later a roar like thunder burst upon our ears, and as the smoke thinned away there was no sign left of the *Gloria Scott*. In an instant we swept the boat's head round again, and pulled with all our strength for the place where the haze, still trailing over the water, marked the scene of this catastrophe. It was a long hour before we reached it, and at first we feared that we had come too late to save any one. A splintered boat and a number of crates and fragments of spars rising and falling on the waves showed us where the vessel had foundered; but there was no sign of life, and we had turned away in despair when we heard a cry for help, and saw at some distance a piece of wreckage with a man lying stretched across it. When we pulled him aboard the boat he proved to be a young seaman of the name of Hudson, who was so burned and exhausted that he could give us no account of what had happened until the following morning.

"It seemed that after we had left, Prendergast and his gang had proceeded to put to death the five remaining prisoners. The two warders had been shot and thrown overboard, and so also had the third mate. Prendergast then descended into the 'tween decks, and with his own hands cut the throat of the unfortunate surgeon. There only remained the first mate, who was a bold and active man. When he saw the convict approaching him with the bloody knife in his hand, he kicked off his bonds, which he had somehow contrived to loosen, and rushing down the deck, he plunged into the after-hold. A dozen convicts, who descended with their pistols in search of him, found him with a match-box in his hand, seated beside an open powder-barrel, which was one of a hundred carried on board, and swearing that he would blow all hands up if he were in any way molested. An instant later the explosion occurred, though Hudson thought it was caused by the misdirected bullet of one of the convicts rather than the mate's match. Be the cause what it may, it was the end of the *Gloria Scott* and of the rabble who held command of her.

"Such, in a few words, my dear boy, is the history of this terrible business in which I was involved. Next day we were picked up by the brig *Hotspur*, bound for Australia, whose captain found no difficulty in believing that we were the survivors of a passenger ship that had foundered. The transport ship *Gloria Scott* was set down by the Admiralty as being lost at sea, and no word has ever leaked out as to her true fate. After an excellent voyage the *Hotspur* landed us at Sydney, where Evans and I changed our names, and made our way to the diggings, where among the crowds who were gathered from all nations we had no difficulty in losing our former identities. The rest I need not relate. We prospered, we travelled, we came back as rich colonials to England, and we bought country estates. For more than twenty years we have led peaceful and useful lives, and we hoped that our past was forever buried. Imagine then my feelings when in the seaman who came to us I recognized instantly the man who had been picked off the wreck. He had tracked us down somehow, and had set himself to live upon our fears. You will understand now how it was that I strove to keep the peace with him, and you will in some measure sympathize with me in the fears which fill me now that he has gone from me to his other victim with threats upon his tongue.

"Underneath is written in a hand so shaky as to be hardly legible: 'Beddoes writes in cipher to say H. has told all. Sweet Lord, have mercy on our souls!'

"That was the narrative which I read that night to young Trevor, and I think, Watson, that under the circumstances it was a dramatic one. The good fellow was heart-broken at it, and went out to the Terai tea-planting, where I hear that he is doing well. As to the sailor and Beddoes, neither of them was ever heard of again after that day on which the letter of warning was written. They both disappeared utterly and completely. No complaint had been lodged with the police, so that Beddoes had mistaken a threat for a deed. Hudson had been seen lurking about, and it was believed by the police that he had done away with Beddoes and had fled. For myself, I believe that the truth was exactly the opposite. I think that it is most probable that Beddoes, pushed to desperation, and believing himself to have been already betrayed, had revenged himself upon Hudson, and had fled from the country with as much money as he could lay his hands on. Those are the facts of the case, doctor, and if they are of any use to your collection, I am sure that they are very heartily at your service."

## THIS BUSY WORLD

It would add not a little to the attractiveness of the Chicago Fair if a side exhibition could be made there of Mr. George W. Smalley, as the man who can keep an eye on two continents at once. The responsibility of pointing out the errors of Mr. Gladstone would be enough, in the season, for most men, but Mr. Smalley can do that now with one hand tied behind him, and finds abundant leisure besides to point out what Mr. Cleveland is up to that is amiss. The other day he sent over a crushing criticism of Mr. Cleveland's inaugural address, and last week he specified several bad blunders which Mr. Cleveland had made in connection with Mr. Bayard's appointment. It is not necessary to rehearse them, but they make one feel more than ever assured that if Mr. Smalley would come home and be shown at the fair in the original cage in which the late Artemus Ward exhibited his original kangaroo (the same that was "an amoosing little cus"), the "attraction" would be one which very few American citizens would pass by.

There are a lot of interesting exhibits that the people would like to see at the fair, and which will not be made because they will not be thought of in time, or for other reasons. Who can doubt, for instance, that very few spectacular items would excite more continuous enthusiasm than a few cages of desperate villains, carefully chosen from the best American collections? William Curtis Perry, the express-robber, in a cage with Senator Hill and Carter Harrison, would draw excited crowds all day long, as would ex-Czar Reed and Colonel Ingersoll, behind the bars with Dr. Briggs. Some of these individuals might deny that they were desperate villains, and demur to the exhibition, but that would be mere prejudice on their part, for there are columns and reams of the most explicit newspaper evidence against every man of them, and hosts of believers in their villany.

As the opening of the fair approaches, and plans for getting to it begin to take definite shape, brows are bent in increasing numbers over the question, "How much will it cost?" It is understood that Chicago has invested about fifteen millions in the fair, and shivers have run up and down the spines of a good many intending visitors at the prospect of contributing even one family's share toward making good that considerable outlay. Recognizing this detail of the public anxiety, the intrepid fair-managers have lately taken pains to allay it. Officially and through the newspaper correspondents they solemnly aver that the fair is not going to be run by brigands, and that the population of Cook County has not been organized for systematic pillage. Rooms, they declare, will be absolutely procurable in sufficient numbers at from two to four dollars a day, while the fair restaurants will provide unlimited food at such various cost that the sojourner can choose for himself whether to pamper his jaded appetite or his jaded purse. It will doubtless take a first-rate manager to see the fair for nothing, and induce the management to pay him for coming, but few people expect to succeed as well as that, and for the multitude of the reasonably thrifty there is much of comforting reassurance about these official declarations that they are not going to be plundered, and that a moderate investment will enable them to see a great deal more than they can possibly remember, and to have a good time while they are about it. Certainly it does not seem too much to say that any individual who can lay hands on a hundred dollars can travel a thousand miles to the fair, stay there a week, see everything that can be seen in that time, and get home again without practising unwholesome self-denial, and without enduring any privations, or suffering from anything worse than fatigue. That many thousand people will travel farther than that and stay longer and see much more for less money is much easier to believe than to doubt.

It is announced that the Congress of Representative Women at Chicago next month is to devote part of one day to dress reform, with exhibitions of reformed costumes in active use. It is even hinted that some of the more enthusiastic reformers are going to wear the reformed garments in public at the fair for the benefit of the visiting public. But that is not the way to advance the cause. The true way to help the dress-reform idea is to talk about it, and to show pictures of displaced ribs. That induces more or less dissatisfaction with the garb of extreme fashion, and helps to make women moderate. But to put on the shapeless waists and short skirts of the reformers spoils everything. So long as woman continues to be built on her present lines, short skirts and bag waists and masculine jackets will not be becoming to her. Doubtless Worth and all fashionable dress-designers are sinful creatures, and responsible next after the brewers and distillers for the sufferings of mankind, but it only takes one sight of the dress-reform clothes to make the observer appreciate how much, after all, the Paris dressmakers know about their business. The reformed clothes are so mortally plain, and good-looking women look so like guys when they get them on!

But one kind of dress reform would be welcomed by the wise everywhere. That would be an edict forbidding any radical change in the fashions oftener than once in about three years, thereby giving good dresses a chance to get worn out before they are thrown away. But even such a reform as that would be bad for trade, and, after all, it would affect only the rich, since the poor have to wear their clothes out, style or no style, as it is.

A worthy gentleman, a staid bachelor, who died last week, was the hero of a particularly delightful tale, which, possibly, has not yet got into print. He was sitting in his office in Twenty-third Street one day when a very respectable-seeming woman came in and sat down. He turned to her and bowed, when she said that she had thus and so the matter with her. He expressed polite regret, and she went on with a prompt category of symptoms and ill effects, together with information as to what had been attempted so far for her relief. He said he was very sorry to learn of her ailment, and wished that he could do anything to abate it.

"But can't you?" she asked, with visible astonishment.

"I think not," he said. "Why don't you see a physician?"

She started to her feet. "Why, isn't this the dispensary?"

"No, madam! The dispensary is on the other corner. This is the National Academy of Design."

In a spirited article in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* Mr. Lester W. Clarke protests against the employment of salaried graduate coaches in college athletics. One of his arguments against it is that it would be ominous to a man's career to hire out for four or five years after graduation to coach undergraduate athletes. Mr. Clarke thinks it most objectionable to tempt a college graduate, with money, to do what is contrary to his true interests. He is earnestly opposed to hired coaching on other and familiar grounds, which appeal more or less strongly to every one who has the interest of college athletics sufficiently at heart to care more how races and games are won than who wins them. Nevertheless the question is perplexing, and there is something to say on the other side. For it seems sadly wasteful of energy and devotion to let a crew of stout young fellows toil through the winter and spring, and finally go to New London predestined to defeat, because there was no one to teach them the best method of rowing. What is worth doing is worth doing well. It is even worth while to row well, and it is excusable to wish to learn. But to make a business of teaching men to row well is apparently discreditable to a college graduate.

What seems to be needed at Harvard is a vice-president of the University, who shall receive a salary as such, but shall have leisure, when the president can spare him, to pursue the athletic devil around the stump. If the vice-president of the university should coach the crews and teams in his spare time, it is hard to see wherein the most elevated sentiments would suffer. It might be necessary to have several vice-presidents, but that would be only a detail, the main point being to have enough of them, and to have them competent, and to have them take rank and pay as vice-presidents, without reference to any use that they may make of their leisure.

E. S. Martin.

THE HON. JAMES O. BROADHEAD.
United States Minister to Switzerland.

WILLIAM EDMOND CURTIS,
Recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

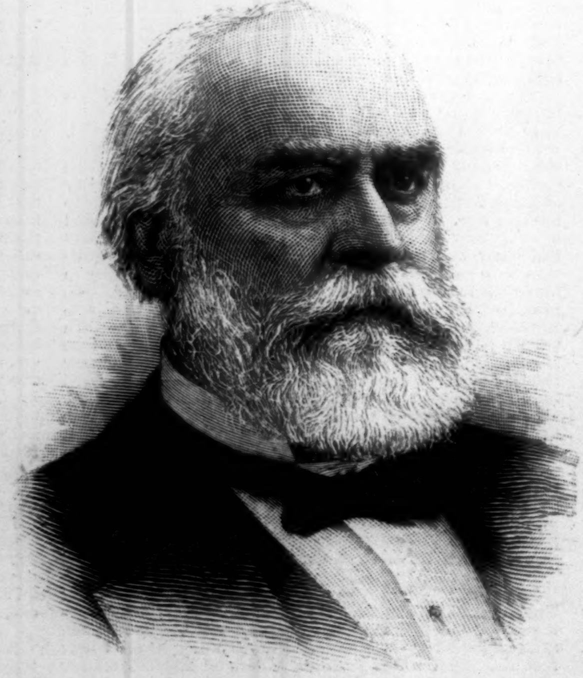
THE HON. EDWIN DUN.
United States Minister to Japan.

## SOME NEW APPOINTMENTS.

WILLIAM EDMOND CURTIS, who has been appointed one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, is among the strongest young men of the anti-snappers of New York. He is a lawyer by profession, being the son of the late Chief Justice Curtis of the Superior Court. He was one of the original committee of fifty which began what is known as the May movement, resulting in the Syracuse convention. He has a very large and lucrative practice; in fact, his business is of such importance that it was very difficult to persuade him to accept the office which he now holds. It was only after Mr. Cleveland insisted that it was Mr. Curtis's duty to come to the aid of the administration that he consented to make the necessary sacrifice involved in giving up his business for four years. Mr. Curtis is thirty-seven years old, and was graduated at Trinity College in 1875. Mr. Curtis, like other anti-snappers, supported Grant for Mayor against Scott. He is secretary of the Democratic Club, a member of the Reform, Manhattan, and Century clubs, and of the Bar Association.

In selecting a new Minister to Japan, Mr. Cleveland has departed somewhat from the usual custom in such cases, as he has not chosen a political adherent, but has promoted a gentleman already in the diplomatic service, and peculiarly fitted for the post by his training and long residence in the country to which he is now accredited. Mr. Edwin Dun, of Ohio, the new Minister, has lived in Japan since 1872, when he went to the East as an assistant to General Horace Capron, then the agricultural adviser to the Japanese government. Later, Mr. Dun was placed in charge of the government farm at Sapporo in the Island of Yesso. This position he held for several years, and for his ability and fidelity in the management was decorated by the Emperor. During General Arthur's Presidency Mr. Dun was made Second Secretary of the United States Legation, and promoted to be First Secretary when Mr. Cleveland became President eight years ago. In this position he has continued till now. He was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1848. The members of his family in Ohio are Democrats, but he has lived so long abroad that it is not likely that he is a very zealous partisan.

James O. Broadhead, who has been named as Minister to Switzerland, has long been a familiar figure at the national capital. Something like twelve years ago he was a member of the House of Representatives from St. Louis, and was considered then to be one of the leading lawyers of the popular branch of Congress. He is about sixty-five years old. In 1861 he espoused the cause of the Union against the Southern Confederacy, and was a member of the constitutional conventions of 1861 and 1863 which deposed the Confederate Legislature. He has not been in active politics recently, and, indeed, was never what might be called a practical politician. He has always been a stanch Democrat, of the kind that accepted the teachings of Thomas H. Benton, and consequently is an earnest tariff-reformer. He is a member of the National Democratic Committee, and was a delegate to several national conventions, being recognized rather for solidity of judgment than for brilliancy. He was not presented by the Senators or Congressional delegation of Missouri, but was selected by the President himself.



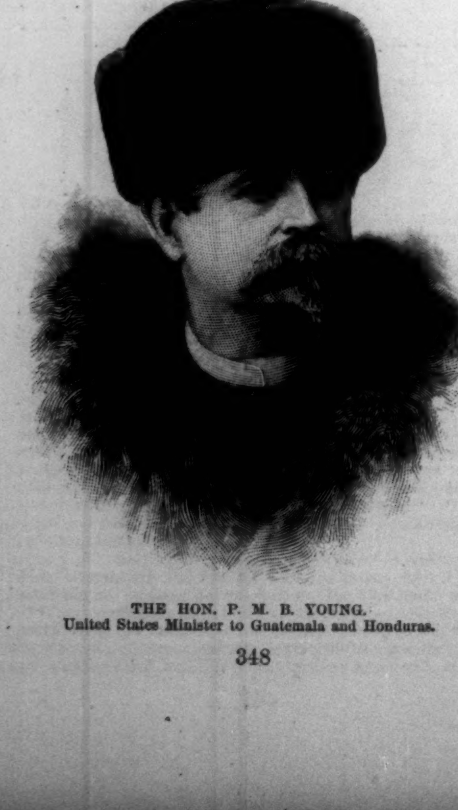
THE HON. CARTER H. HARRISON,
Elected Mayor of Chicago.—[See Page 349.]

Pierce M. B. Young, who was appointed as Minister to Guatemala, is one of the best-known men about Washington. Some years ago he served in Congress from the State of Georgia, and was one of the prominent members of the House. He is a tall, handsome, soldierly man, and moves a good deal in the old Southern society of the capital. During the war he was a very gallant and widely known cavalry officer of the Confederate army, and was a soldier of great dash and brilliancy. When Mr. Cleveland was first elected President he made Mr. Young Consul-General at St. Petersburg, and he performed the duties of that post satisfactorily to his government. There is probably no one in Georgia whose selection will give more general satisfaction to the State than that of General Young.

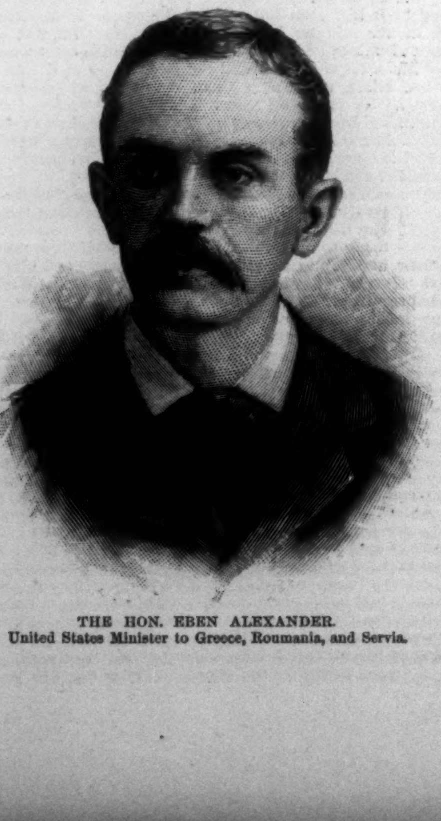
Mr. Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, is appointed as Minister to Austria-Hungary. He is probably one of the most accomplished men in the new Northwest, where he has long resided. He was one of the pioneers in Dakota before the Territory was divided into North and South Dakota. He is forty-eight years old, and obtained his first political preferment from Mr. Cleveland during that gentleman's first administration. He served then as Chief Justice of the Territory of Dakota. He was very active in the last campaign as a speaker, especially on tariff questions, and was urged by his friends for the place of Commissioner of the General Land Office, but Mr. Cleveland found in him a good foreign minister, and has sent him to the most austere and elegant court of Europe.

The appointment of Eben Alexander as Minister to Greece is another of the President's personal selections. Professor Alexander is not a politician, although the politicians of North Carolina have not only acquiesced, but were in advance of the appointment enthusiastically in favor of it. Mr. Alexander is a scholar and Professor of Greek in the North Carolina University. He is a graduate of Yale College, and has been a professor and acting President of the University of East Tennessee. It was largely due to the fact that Professor Alexander was personally interested in Greece and its people and language that Mr. Cleveland appointed him. Besides being a scholar, he is a man of first-rate executive ability, as he showed when he was acting as the head of the Tennessee institution. He is a man about forty years of age, and is described as of fine manner and personality, impressing himself favorably.

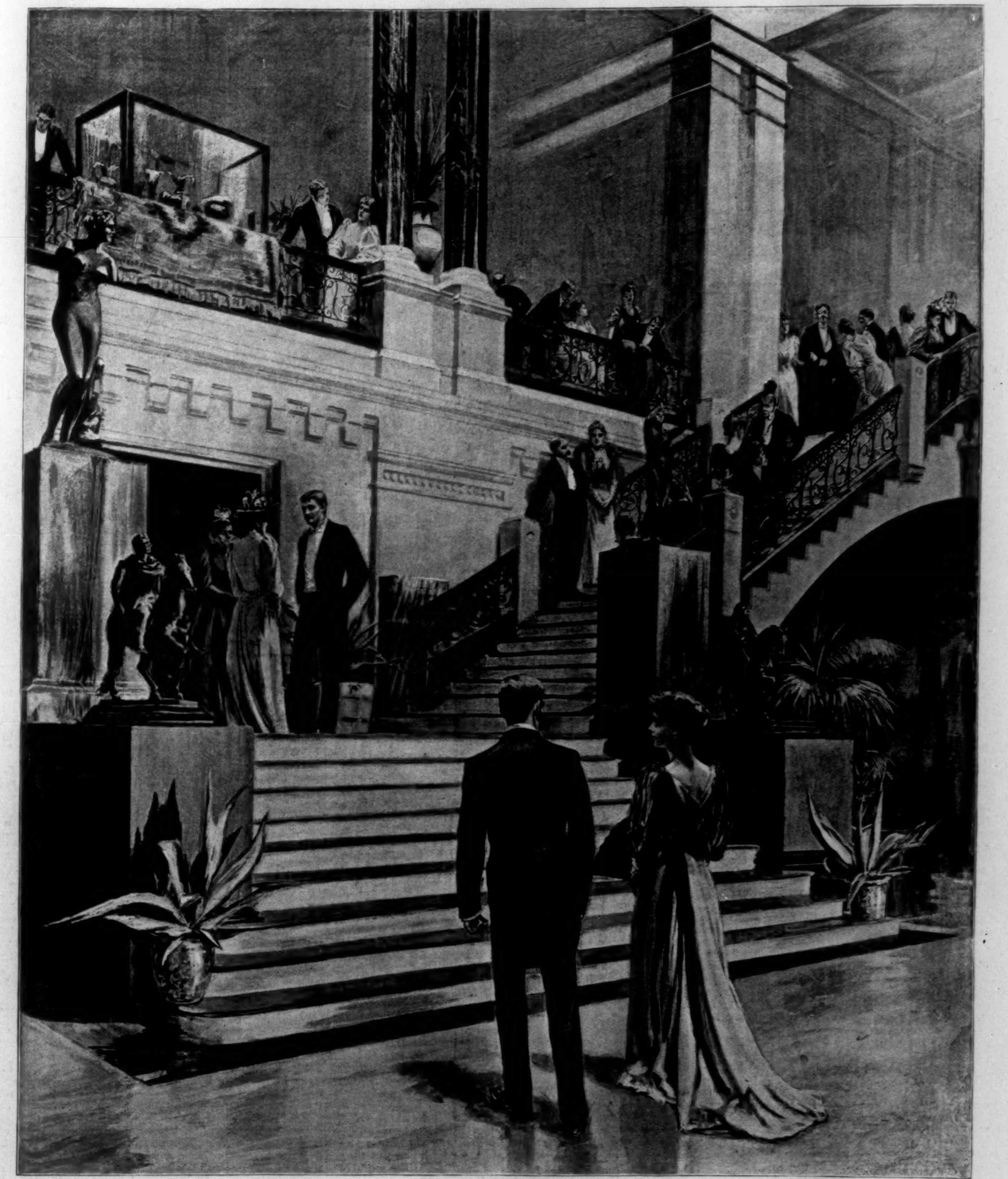
THE HON. BARTLETT TRIPP.
United States Minister to Austria-Hungary.



THE HON. P. M. B. YOUNG.
United States Minister to Guatemala and Honduras.



THE HON. EBEN ALEXANDER.
United States Minister to Greece, Roumania, and Servia.



A RECEPTION AT THE ART MUSEUM, CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL AND W. A. C. PAPE.

## AN ART MUSEUM RECEPTION.

THE Cincinnati Art Museum is a creation of the private liberality and public spirit for which the "Queen City" is noted. It was founded by the late Charles W. West, a bachelor citizen, who gave $300,000 for the purpose, on condition that $300,000 more be contributed by others. This condition was promptly fulfilled, and the present building has one wing and central edifice of the entire plan. It stands in Eden Park, which is upon high bluffs of the Ohio, reached from the basin of the city by an inclined plane, upon the trucks of which electric cars are run, lifted to the hill-top, and sent anew upon their journey through the park.

The art galleries are already rich in contributed treasures, and although paintings preponderate, there are many choice specimens of sculpture, while the museum proper is fairly illustrative of the art industrial work of all lands and ages.

The receptions given at the museum are almost unique in character, inasmuch as they combine an official tone with social exclusiveness. They take place once or twice a year on general principles, and the attendance is representative of all that is best in Cincinnati society, intellectual, artistic, and fashionable. It is upon occasions when large national conventions, such as the medical associations of the United States, or the American Institute of Architects, are being entertained in the city that the academy receptions are most important.

The receptions are by card, and there has been a disposition to criticise the fact that any entertainment at a public institution should not be open to all. To this it is answered that the Board of Trustees assumes personally the extra cost of the music and refreshments, and that the affairs are given at hours at which the museum would otherwise be closed to the public, and that therefore it is within the discretion of the trustees whom to invite. The invitation list is usually large, several thousand cards often being issued, and the ample halls and art galleries afford plenty of room for the gatherings. The scene in the illustration is the vestibule of the central building. The stairway to the left leads to the main picture-gallery, where the receiving line of prominent matrons is usually formed. When a light collation is served, which is not always the case, the rooms in the basement are utilized. There are several hundred annual contributors to the museum and art school endowment fund, and these are the basis of the local invitation list, and assemble to aid in entertaining the guests from abroad.

Among the important pictures are the Longworth and Springer collections, which were bequeathed to the museum almost entire. The art school, endowed by practically the same people as the museum, stands near by on a site dedicated by the city in the park grounds.

## THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

MR. CARTER H. HARRISON has just been elected Mayor of Chicago for the fourth time. It was his fifth race for the office. Two years ago he ran against Mr. Washburne and Mr. Cregier, and was defeated by the former. This year his opponents were Mr. Cregier and Mr. Samuel Allerton, a wealthy packer of pork. Mr. Harrison was elected by a plurality of 19,000. The canvass was active and bitter, and, moreover, it was nasty, as Mr. Harrison's opponents, with the aid of all the papers in Chicago except his own paper, the *Times*, accused him of pretty nearly every sin in the calendar. The election is conceded by all to have been entirely fair, and to have demonstrated that a majority of the Chicago voters preferred Mr. Harrison over either of his opponents.

Mr. Harrison is in his sixty-eighth year, and a native of Kentucky. He comes of the Harrison family of Virginia, of which ex-President Harrison is also a member. He was graduated from Yale College in 1845, then he studied law, but he has never practised that profession. He farmed in Kentucky for several seasons. After two years spent in foreign travel he settled in Chicago, and went into the real-estate business, in which he has accumulated an ample fortune. He has served two terms in Congress, to which he was elected as a Democrat. His first term as Mayor began in 1879.

## "ALL HANDS TO SKYLARK."

WITHOUT his breathing-spaces and his play-time, naval Jack would be the dullest of all dull boys. At the best, sea-life is so filled with perils, self-denials, and hardships that if it were unlightened the strongest and best would bend under its strain. Even on the tautest ships this is recognized, and always the routine of work, watches, and drills is interrupted by recesses the sailor may call his own. In these seasons of rest he gets his share of such maritime cakes and ale and ginger—hot i' the mouth, too—as time and tide may dole; then he may weave and twist the undisputed yarn in the lee gangway to an audience that never tires nor dares to doubt; then may he pull placidly at the unvexed pipe loaded to the muzzle with the strongest tobacco in the world; then may he swing dolorously into the dreary variety-hall ditties, which haplessly have sunk fathoms deep the dear old sea-songs; or, if wind and weather permit, he may bake on the fo'c's'le in the sunlight, and overhaul with minute care his clothes-bag and his ditty-box.

As a rule, the man-o'-war's man takes his pleasures seriously, soberly, and in discreet company; for the old tar of fiction and of song, like Great Pan, is dead. You will see him no more fresh from the Spanish Main, garbed quaintly, striking attitudes like a master of dance and combat, shifting quids, hitching trousers, damning eyes, and scattering double handfuls of doubloons and moidores—you will see him no more cross-gartered and pigtailed, sword-girded and bepistolled, save in the weird melodrama, where the gods still love and believe in him. He is no longer a dual-natured being, a man with the virtues of a child, a child with the vices of a man. He is alert, vigorous, self-reliant, frank, modest, brave, sober. The type figuring in the popular mind as a die-hard is the exception; and be sure that the shore rovers carrying lee gunwales under with a press of canvas and backing and filling—filling especially—along the hospitable channelways of the Bowery, are not true representatives of our Yankee tars.

Week after week I have seen the watches of a ship of war go ashore with the utmost regularity, and return clean and sober, usually before their liberty had expired, and rarely over time. I believe no other class of similar station can compare with sailor-men; and if you doubt this, take a Jackie's Saturday night ashore and ask the policemen along the Bowery, or search the police records, and the inquiries will convince you. Though there is no such regular spree as the Blue Monday of other working-men, lapses are natural enough. When a bluejacket strikes the beach he has often so many lost opportunities of conviviality to make up, and land-keeping people are so apt to view him with a regard and a forgiveness yielded no other class, that sometimes his good resolutions scurry whistling down the wind, and his natural qualities are eclipsed by the gayeties of the run ashore.

The naval seaman of our day has to think as well as pull and haul, and must keep a sharp lookout to windward if he seeks advancement in a trade where the specialties are many, and the rewards are great for aptitude and good behavior. Then, too, he has been advanced to a higher plane, for he lives better, is better clothed and housed, than in the days of carronades and stunsails. Save in exceptional voyages to distant stations, he is more often if not so long in port, and he has greater opportunities for shore-going—more liberty, as he calls it—and more systematic discipline. To see him at his best is in the open, in an emergency calling for brain and brawn, and next, perhaps, in a port drill, when a rival ship is pressing hard in a hot race against time. Then will be revealed a type of honest, hard-working, patient, yet eager manhood that is an honor to the calling and the country.

Jack's life is set about with metes and bounds, as the requirements of modern war machines can leave unconsidered but few half-hours. Usually he is called at sunrise, and from then until four in the afternoon he is busy with the persistency of a mechanic, and alert with the readiness of a doctor for an unexpected duty. During each meal hour he is allowed to smoke within his prescribed limits, and so jealously are these times of rest guarded that a red pennant flying aloft shows to the outside world he may not be disturbed, even were it to receive the Admiral. After supper there are minor details to be finished—once a week in port a routine drill perhaps, at sea often a sail exercise, but always when hammocks are piped down and until tattoo is done the cherished leisure hours are made as much his own as the cares of the ship permit.

This is his season of merriment, and his pleasures run the gamut of many physical bouts. He boxes, gives play with single-stick and quarter-staff, both vigorous and determined, and honestly punctuated with resounding whacks and grinning acceptances of pain. The bear is chased amid much license of noise, and Jack swims, dives, rows, wrestles, and dances. And how he dances! Save on board flag-ships, bands are extemporized affairs, for the sailor loves his music dearly, even when he has to pay his piper, and is a prentice hand with various instruments, though I think there is an unwritten law against the wheezy and soul-venoming concertina and a respected prejudice concerning the piccolo.

I do not know that he hornpipes it so much as he jigs it, but when he does go in for form and style his traditional performance is filled with all the strength and grace and honest delight Mr. Zogbaum gives us in his beautiful picture of real sea-life. Study the types well, for here you have our sailors as they are, and I recall nowhere another illustration which reproduces with equal fidelity, knowledge, and sympathy American man-o'-war's men. I envy the gift shown here, and it will surely be the artist's fortune to find that in many ports and on many seas, in cabin, wardroom, and fo'c's'le, the cockles of sailor-men's hearts will be warmed by their appreciation of the work he has done so well.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

# STOCKHOLM.

BY MAURICE BARRÈS.

THE modern taste for simplifying criticism and condensing it into a single sentence has led people to call Stockholm the Venice of the North, and the Swedes the French of the North. The truth is, if we must express that truth in two lines, that intellectual culture is more widely spread in the Scandinavian states than anywhere else, and that Stockholm may take rank among the most picturesque cities of the world.

Situated as it is, partly on islands, partly on a plain, and partly on hills, the general appearance of Stockholm is extremely diversified and beautiful. The quays and bridges are a very fine feature; but the wooden houses, so often and so easily burnt down, are now replaced by stone buildings, many of which are absolute palaces. It is when the sun is setting on a summer evening that a trip by sea to the deep fjord of the Baltic, known as Lake Mälaren, is most charming. All the islands and peninsulas are dotted with pretty villas, and the wide stretch of water forming the Archipelago is bright with little steam-yachts scudding about amongst the large steamers which also put in here. The original city of Stockholm, of which the great docks are the most noteworthy feature, has altogether outgrown its mother island. The oaks of Djurgarden and the rocky heights on the horizon form a fitting frame-work to the fascinating panorama, which, the very first time I saw it, made an indelible impression upon my memory.

I went to the Moselocke Garden, where there is a steam-lift, and in the vast sea of houses, viaducts, roads, quays, and jetties connecting the scattered islands, two buildings especially arrested my attention, the Royal Palace and the National Museum, significant monuments bringing into marked prominence the chief characteristic of this city of the north, which has been idly compared to similar cities in the south of Europe. Stockholm really is the outcome of the slow growth of a nation, the result of a prolonged effort, the history of which is epitomized in the huge mass of the Royal Palace overlooking the Amphitheatre. As for the National Museum, it reminds us of what the religion of Sweden is—indeed, of the whole of Scandinavia—a religion of love, a love which even affects the treatment of her national antiquities. If you are fortunate enough on your arrival at Stockholm to be present at one of the numerous concerts, and hear the exquisite popular melodies, of which Sweden possesses so fine a collection, and which are loved so passionately by her people, and you note the melancholy music, the light gayety and patriotism of the words, you will get a very fair impression, to begin with, of the charming and picturesque, town set in its lovely frame-work, and rich in national memories alike prehistoric and historic.

The whole of Stockholm is overlooked by the majestic residence of the royal family, the palace, about which gather the most valuable and noble historic memories. This great mass of stone occupies the site on which, in 1235, Birger Jarl built a fortress which may be looked upon as the origin of Stockholm. Close beside it is the Storkyrka, or Great Church, which an inscription and many historians date from that remote epoch, and claim as the most ancient edifice in the town, though it has been so much restored that the visitor is more likely to take it for a building of the last century, more especially as there are but few relics of ancient art even in the interior.

The Royal Palace was built by Nicholas Tessin, in the style of the Renaissance, at the end of the seventeenth century. It is a huge building, and is said to contain eight hundred rooms, wandering through which many and many a dramatic scene rises up before our mind's eye, in spite of the usual ignorance of southern races of Scandinavian history, imbued though they be with a certain amount of legendary lore relating to the North. Was it not in the very earliest years of its existence associated with a terrible accident worthy of the fifth act of a tragedy? King Charles XI. had just died before the completion of the Monument, which he had prided himself on making as magnificent as possible. His corpse had but just been laid out in state, when a fire broke out, and the flames raged so furiously that it was only with the greatest risk to life that the dead monarch's body was flung out of the window. May we be allowed to remark, *en passant*, that the objection to cremation at that period appears to have been carried to an extreme, and that, after all, it would have been preferable to this flinging out of the window? Fires have been more frequent and fatal in Stockholm than in any other town, and it has been so often badly injured, and more than once completely destroyed by them, that stone has at last been used for building instead of the resinous wood so long exclusively used.

The Royal Palace is rich in fine easel pictures, painted ceilings, sculptures, and stucco decorations, but it is in its tapestries that it excels all other collections; even the private galleries of France have not so fine a series of Gobelins. Gustavus III., who was such a great admirer of France until the Revolution, brought a number of fine tapestries from that country. He was a generous prince, fond of display, and not caring very much where the means for it were obtained. He did not much respect the constitution, but as he violated it to make a war which flattered the national sentiment, the masses of the people remained true to him when his nobles abandoned him, and after his death the burghers put up a monument to him, which is a fine example of the work of Sergel, who is generally considered the best Swedish sculptor of that time.

It may not be unnecessary to remind our readers that Gustavus III. was assassinated at a masked ball, though we are familiar enough with the gallant figures of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., so ably criticised by Voltaire, and, above all, Charles John Bernadotte, who was of French birth. The whole palace is full of memories of the last-named monarch, and his rooms are still shown, though now converted into reception halls. A mere cadet in the army of Napoleon, he quarrelled with that great general, and after various vicissitudes he was elected in 1810 Crown-Prince of Sweden, and on the death of Charles XIII. became king, founding a dynasty, which is now one of the most respected in Europe.

It was in the salon of Madame Récamier that Constant saw Bernadotte on the eve of the eighteenth Brumaire, and it is to the pen of Monsieur Amédée Clausade that we owe a portrait of him when he had been on the throne of Sweden for some time. "When I was introduced," he says, "Charles XIV. was standing in the centre of his salon, wearing a coat of blue cloth, with collar and trimmings of velvet and gold braid; on his boots were silver spurs. Of a good height.... not too stout, his hair was already white; but the expression of his face was full of youth and vivacity, and his conversation always fluent and rich in grand memories of the actions of which he could say, 'Et quorum pars magna fui!'" In spite of the difference of time at which these portraits were taken, the original of both can be easily recognized; it is the artist, not the model, who is different.

Clausade had a long chat with the old monarch, who seemed very anxious not to have his name mixed up with those of Moreau and others who had fought against their country in the ranks of the foreigner. He dwelt long on this point, and made his visitor sit down beside him in an embrasure of the window lined with purple satin, looking out upon the Lejonbocken and the Norrbro. Bernadotte declared that he was altogether devoted to Sweden, and served her interests loyally. As for the difficulties in which he found himself involved with regard to France, he explained them away by arguments which seem to me very well summed up in the Proclamation to the German Army of the North in 1812, when he was Generalissimo. "Soldiers," he said, "the same sentiment which guided the French in 1792, and which led them to unite against the armies invading their territory, should to-day direct your valor against those who, after having invaded the soil on which you were born, still enslave your brothers, your wives, and your children!"

As King of Sweden, Bernadotte wished to prove himself still consistent with the feelings of the Adjutant who sang the "Marseillaise" on the eve of fighting Ney. However that may be, Charles XIV., though he never learned the language of his people, died King of Sweden in his beautiful Royal Palace, beloved by the whole of Sweden, and even of Norway, and his successors have been worthy of him, highly cultivated themselves, and eager to promote the culture of their subjects. The son of Bernadotte, King Oscar I., composed some fairly satisfactory music, and wrote a good book, *Des Peines et des Prisons;* and the present King, Oscar II., has inherited his gifts, and has published two volumes of different kinds—*Traduction de Poésies espagnoles et portugaises; Souvenirs de la Flotte suédoise*, the latter being his impressions when he was a young naval officer. Some of his historical essays, notably his *Dissertation sur Charles XII.*, are also very good, inculcating good political economy.

To complete our survey of the political history of Stockholm, we must visit several other monuments. The fine Knight's House, or Riddarhus, contains a beautiful room adorned with armorial bearings, in which the Swedish nobles met, and the Church of Riddarholm is a regular Pantheon, in which are the tombs of the kings and chief great men of Sweden. There are also a number of statues commemorating the past in various parts of the town.

All these stone relics, however, sink into insignificance before those which we may characterize as the outcome of the intellectual progress of the Scandinavian race, which are collected in the various museums of Stockholm.

The National Museum, with its galleries of painting and sculpture, might more aptly be called the Museum of Gustavus III., that prince having bought, at the end of the last century, a number of fine French pictures by Chardin, Lancret, Oudry, Desportes, and Boucher, with others of the Flemish and Dutch schools. Of these the Rembrandts appear to us the finest. Gustavus was certainly a man of taste, as proved by the fact that he brought a number of remarkable antiques from Italy, which it is truly surprising to find at Stockholm, when we remember how eagerly Swedish patriots protested, in the name of the whole of Scandinavia, against the Greek and Latin civilizations. Did not the distinguished Dane, Grundtvig, wage against them an eloquent, almost religious, campaign, in which he wound up by suggesting the substitution of the Sagas and Eddas for the works of Homer and Virgil as models for young students?

Great is contemporary Sweden's zeal for archæology, and many a happy and profitable hour may be spent in that part of the national collection which is called the Historic Museum, in which Herr Hildebrand has admirably classified thousands of objects found in Sweden, including inscriptions, weapons, personal ornaments, ceramic ware, etc., giving us an insight alike into prehistoric and historic times.

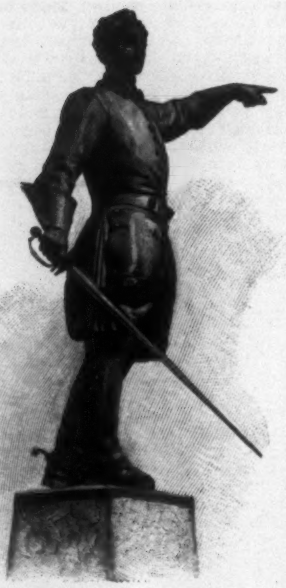
To complete this notice of a collection unique in Europe we must go to the Ethnographical Museum, founded in 1873 by Doctor Hazelius, which contains everything connected with the life, costumes, industry, and art of Scandinavia and Lapland, all most interesting to the foreigner, but at which he finds it difficult not to smile, with such minute care is everything classified and sorted. It is a fact that there are very severe laws forbidding the private appropriation of a flint implement or a rusted weapon of the slightest archæological interest; it must neither be sold nor kept, but handed over to be placed in these vast museums, and with the aid of all these relics the Swedes have been able to put together a complete picture of the mode of life of their most remote ancestors.

Competent authorities are of opinion that prehistoric studies cannot be pushed too far, especially as there is no written history of Scandinavia going back farther than twenty generations. Early chronicles, dating from the end of the eleventh century, have been almost completely lost, and nothing but vague traditions, embodied in the Sagas, remain relating either to that time or to earlier ages; so that, except the relics left beneath the soil by prehistoric peoples, we have scarcely anything left to aid us in the study of the remote past. Truly valuable to the student are the objects displayed to him in the glass cases of the Archæological Museum of Stockholm, which awoke the admiration of the Anthropological and Archæological Congress of 1874. Interpreted by Nilsson, of Lund, in his fine work, and confirmed by the laborious decipherment of Runic inscriptions, they have thrown a very unexpected light upon the origin of the Scandinavian race.

Whilst speaking of contemporary Scandinavians of eminence, we may also mention the historian Munk, of Christiania, who died a few years ago, and the philologist Madvig, of Copenhagen. In fact, in the two universities of Upsal and Lund we find in every branch of human knowledge worthy successors of Berzelius.

The National Library contains manuscripts and archives which have already been utilized by several scholars. Most of these documents come from convents, and were taken from them by Gustavus Vasa at the time of the secularization of religious houses. We must add, however, that a good many volumes have disappeared, having been given to the libraries of universities or burnt; whilst others, amounting to several thousands of books and manuscripts, were carried off by that eccentric lady Queen Christina when she deserted her kingdom for Rome, and are now in the Vatican.

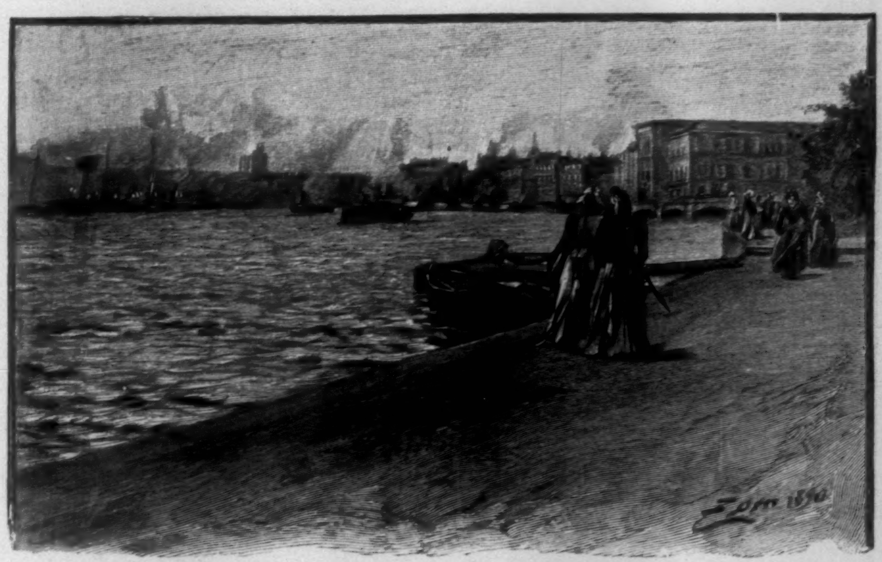
Amongst the manuscripts of Stockholm the *Devil's Bible* is the most famous, and is said to be the largest manuscript known. It consists of three hundred asses' skins, and includes the Bible, the works of Joseph, several writings of St. Isidor, a Chronicle of Bohemia, and several Magic Formulæ. The devil, with an enormous head and emaciated limbs, is represented on the last leaf, and has given the name to the book. Another famous work is the *Codex aureus;* whether printed or manuscript is a matter of dispute. One thing is certain, that it has foretold events for many years. It is made up of alternate red and white leaves. Those who consult it



STATUE OF CHARLES XII.

will have their wish if they open it at a white leaf, but will be disappointed if they light upon a red one. If, however, the consulter of the oracle were very powerful, or paid well, he might still cherish hope even if he did open the book at a red leaf, as it is always possible to get a propitious oracle out of an unlucky page.

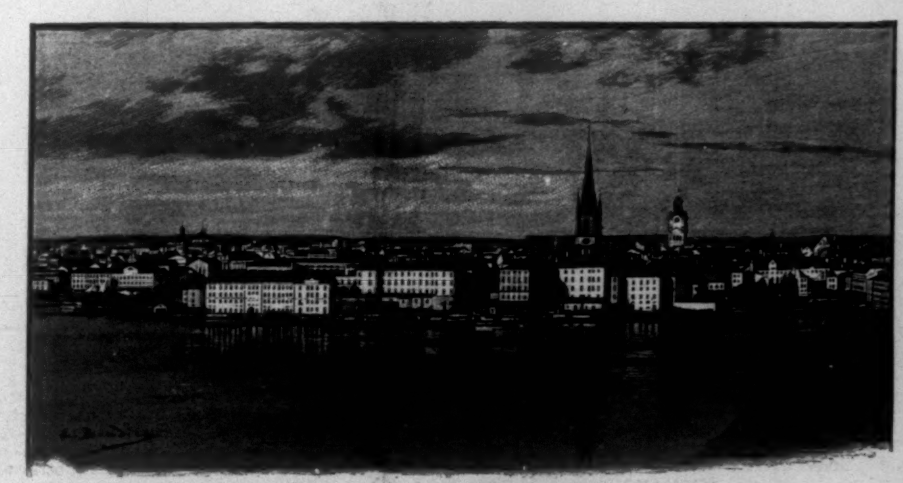
A magic book truly, but it has of late lost its prestige amongst amateurs, who would rather turn to the library of the Academy of Sciences, which contains the complete manuscript works of that strange and powerful genius, Swedenborg. We long to trace here the interesting biography of this great spirit, but our readers would, perhaps, not share our enthusiasm, and would rather that we turned to pay our respects to the Herbarium of Linnæus, which is indeed a precious relic.



STOCKHOLM FROM SKEPPSHOLMEN.

Cogordan has given a very good picture of Swedish intellectual development which it may be well to quote:

"It was in the reigns of Gustavus Adolphus and Christina that Swedish savants began to attract attention; at the same time the University of Upsala, which had been under a cloud throughout the sixteenth century, was reorganized, and took the first steps in the brilliant career before it. It was at this period that Messenius published his *Scandia illustra*, and the brothers Petrus and Olaus Magni composed their vast works on ancient Scandinavian history. A little later, Rudbeck, extending the field of his mythological and historical researches, produced his great *Atlantica*. Whilst protecting native-born men of note, the sovereigns of Sweden also attracted to their court illustrious foreigners; Descartes died at Stockholm; Saumaise and Naudé, two French scholars, were invited by Queen Christina; under Charles XI. the German Puffendorf, the rival of Grotius, and one of the founders of the science of the Rights of Humanity, occupied a chair at the then infant University of Lund.

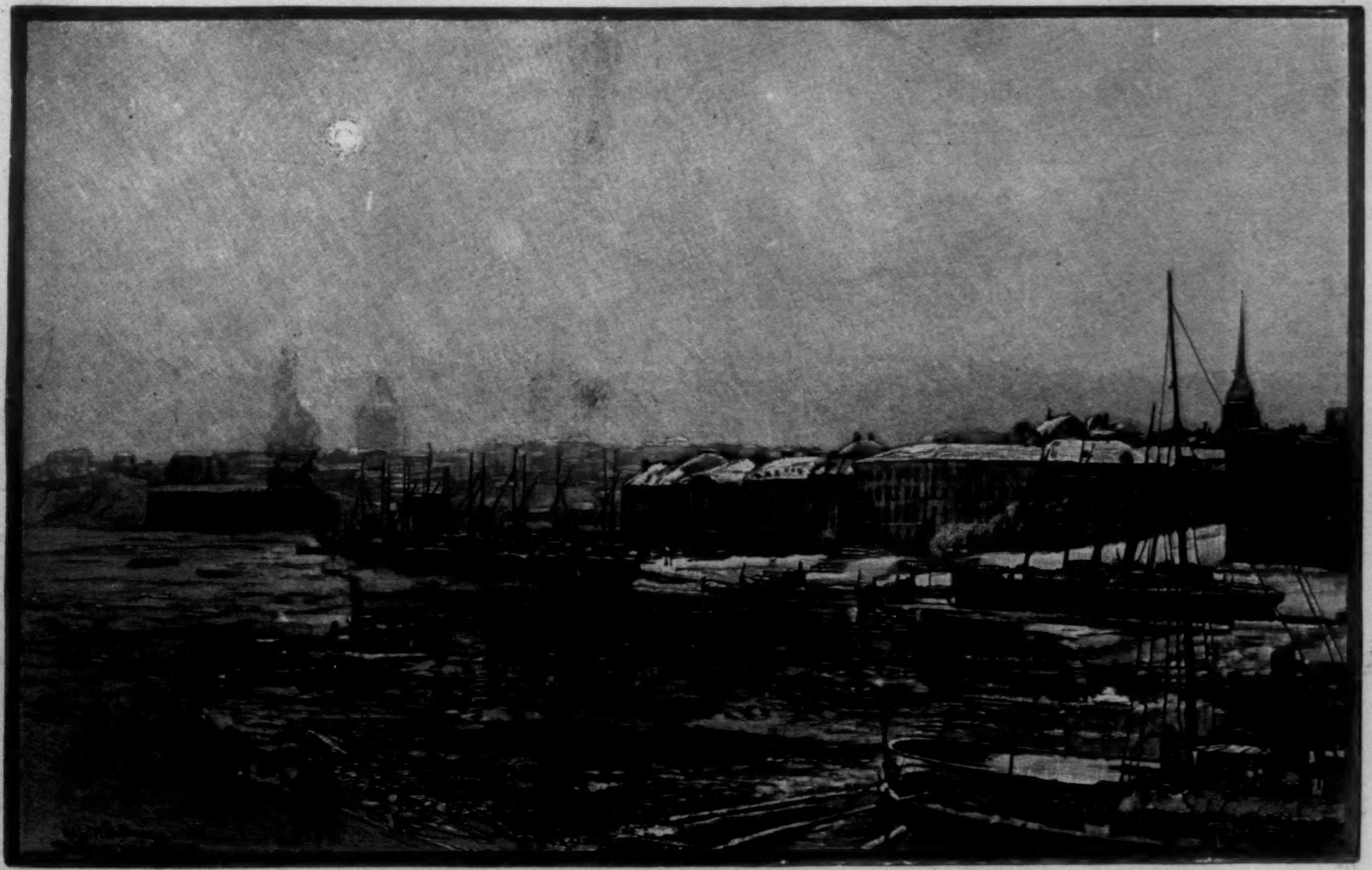


STOCKHOLM—VIEW FROM LAKE MÄLAREN.

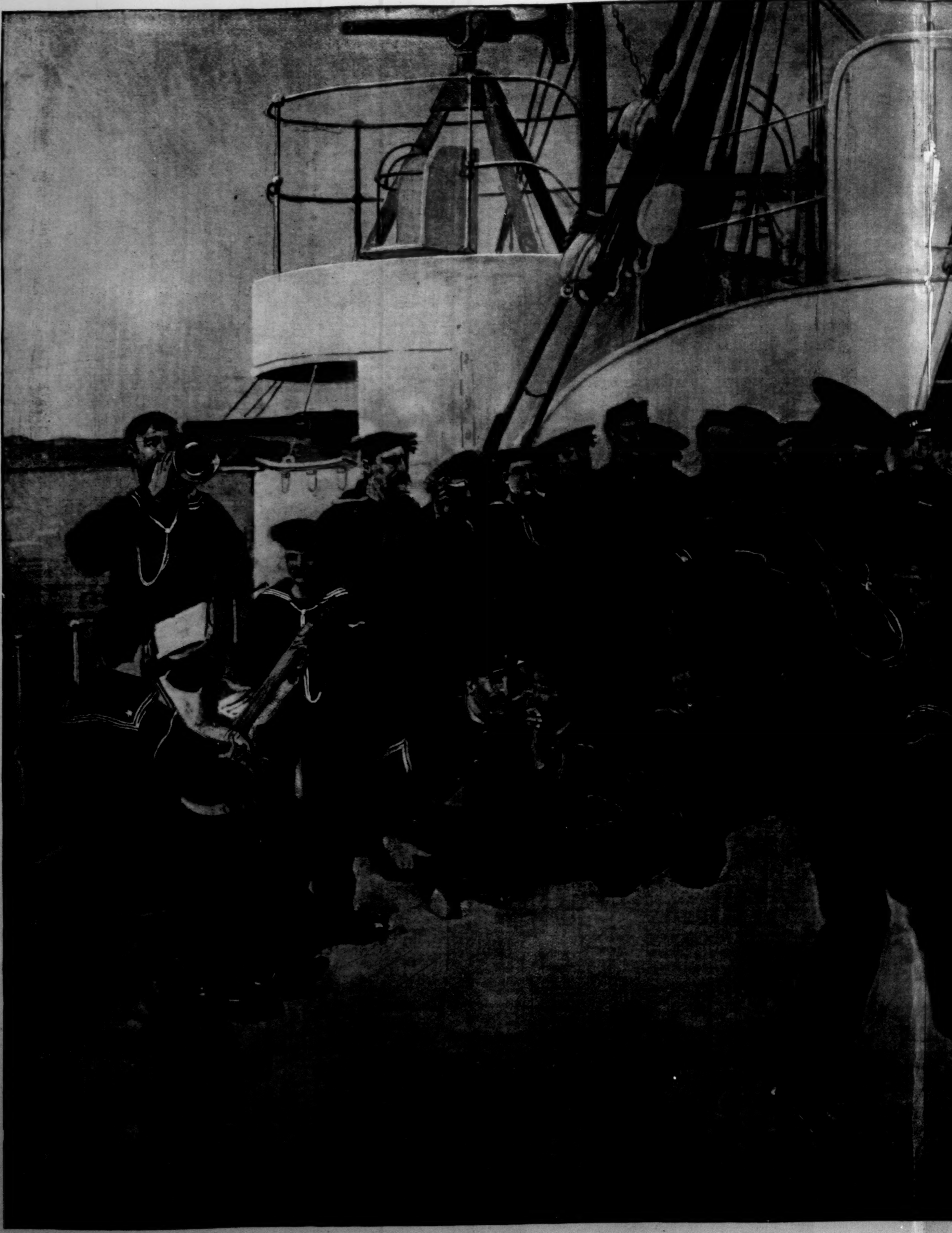
"In the eighteenth century one grand intelligence seems to have concentrated in himself all the scientific genius of Sweden; we allude to Linnæus, the Father of Botany. At the same time French influence became more and more apparent; Stockholm already had an Academy of Sciences, as well as one corresponding with the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris. Gustavus III., an enlightened prince, an enthusiastic lover of all things French, although he became a declared enemy of the Revolution, founded in 1786 a Swedish academy in imitation of that already existing in France. For all that, however, this period, perhaps because of its very infatuation for French taste, left no durable literature behind it; and of the writers contemporary with Gustavus III. we need only mention Bellman, the light-hearted singer of Stockholm. A powerful reaction marked the commencement of the present century, the signal for which was given by a professor of Upsala, Atterbom. The Phosphorists, so called from the name of their journal, the *Phosphorus*, went for their inspiration to the then but little explored sources of Scandinavian antiquity. They gave life once more to Swedish literature, hitherto condemned to sterility; and their influence was great, as they spread among the people a taste for national history, which nourishes patriotism better than any other aliment.

"The great writers of this time were Tegner, Bishop of Vexiö, and long professor at Lund University; Franzen, Bishop of Hernösand, in Norrland; and lastly, Runeberg, of Finland, the greatest poet of Sweden, author of the national song of the sad Suomi. All are now dead, and have not been replaced; some romances, most of them in the true and temperate style of Madame Bremer, with a few dramatic pieces, are all that Swedish literature has produced at the present time. It is the Norwegians, a young people, full of youth and vigor, who now carry off the palm in literature. In science, on the other hand, Sweden has no cause to envy any one. To complete this picture of the intellectual life of Sweden, we may add that the young University of Stockholm has taken first rank in mathematics."

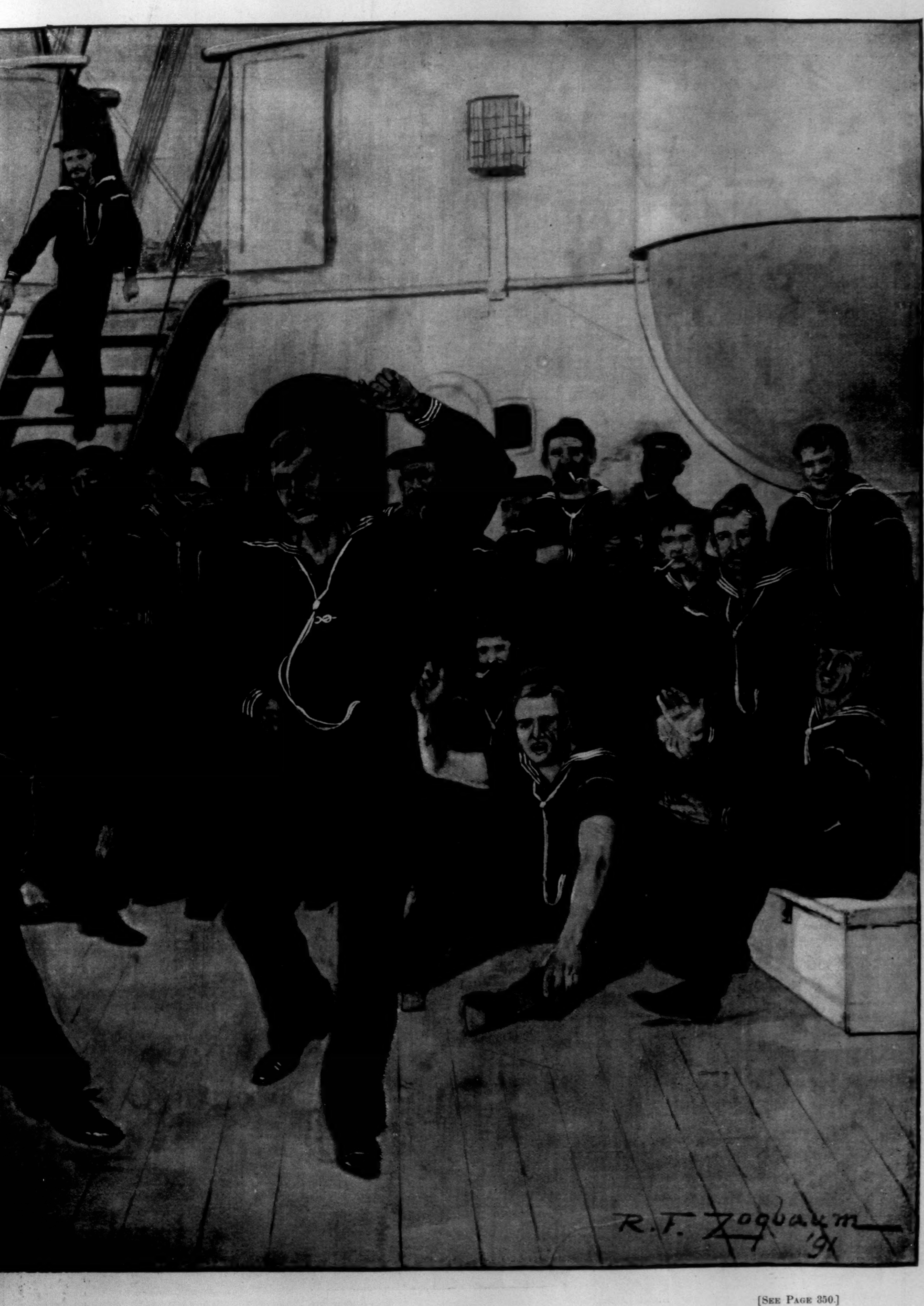
(*Continued on page 354.*)



THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM IN WINTER.

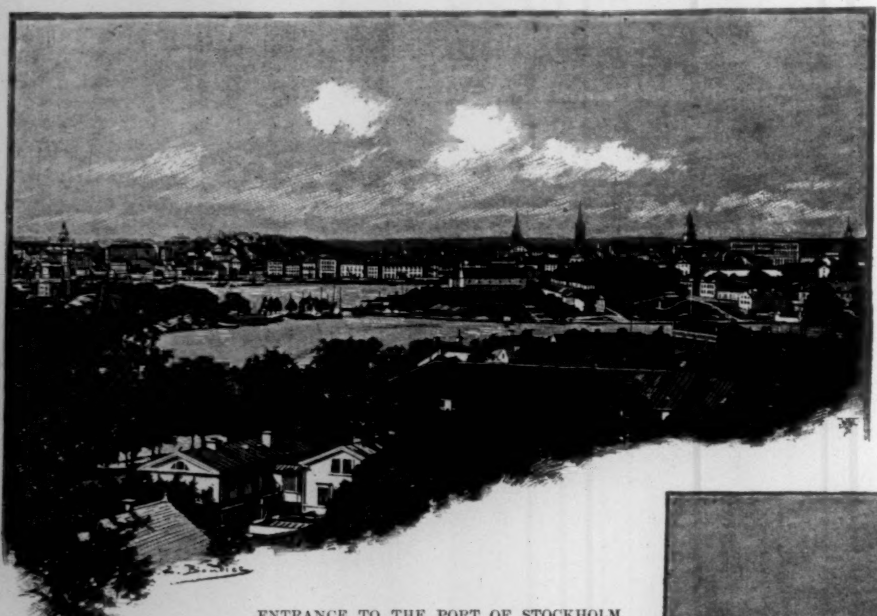


"ALL HANDS TO SKYLARK!"


R. F. Zogbaum
'91

[See Page 350.]

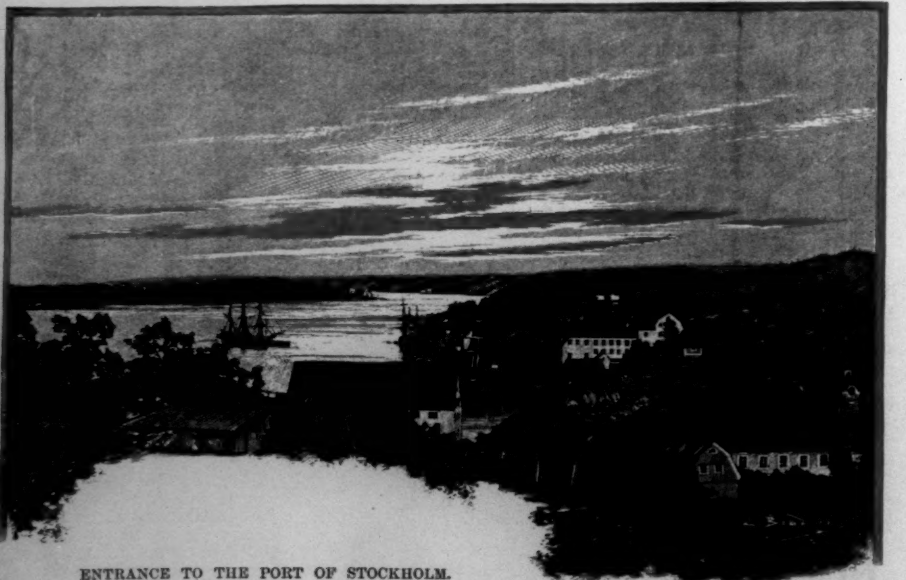
!"—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.



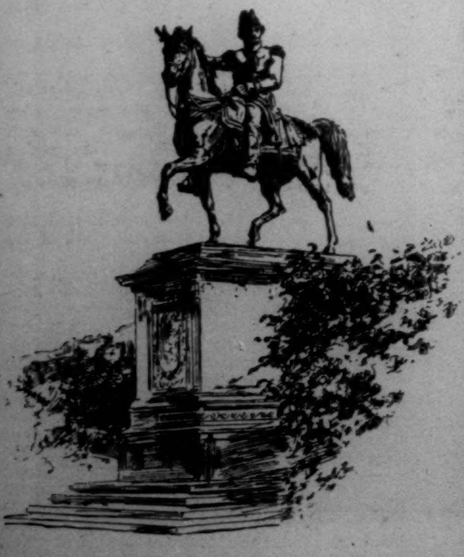
ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.

(*Continued from page* 351.)

Cogordan adds: "This would seem to be the place to notice those national rivalries which are matter of common knowledge, and a very important element in public feeling. True, all Scandinavians agree in the cultivation of national archæology, but they remain very suspicious of each other in other matters. Scandinavism, a dream, copied from Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism, is still a thing of literature only. In 1869 Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian scholars met at Stockholm with a view to the adoption of a common orthography for Scandinavian languages; but they could not make absolutely indispensable concessions. Talk to a Norwegian, and his suspicious patriotism could rank nothing above 'old Norway'; with a Swede, and he would dwell with emotion upon the time when Gustavus Adolphus, with six thousand men, made the holy Roman Empire tremble; with a Dane, and the burden of his discourse would be the time of Valdemar the Great, when the Baltic was a Danish lake, and the conclusion was inevitable that no Scandinavian will ever accept the union of the three kingdoms except on the condition that his own country takes first place in the confederation."*



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.



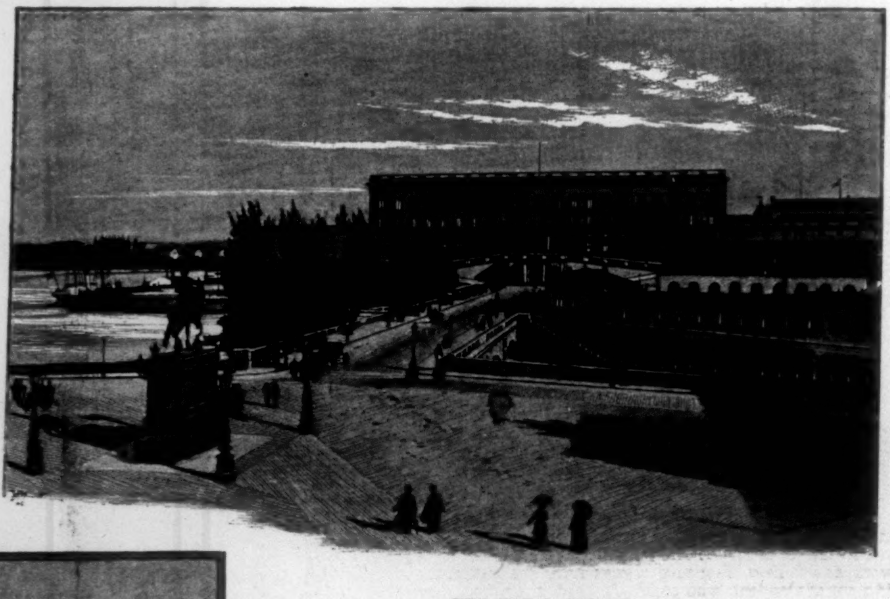
STATUE OF BERNADOTTE.

The best time to live in Stockholm is the winter, which is *the* season; it can only be compared with that of St. Petersburg when sledge and skating fêtes and balls are the order of the day. Balls and skating are everywhere looked upon as the best possible opportunities for flirting, and we may add that in Sweden the young girls are generally pretty and refined. I wish I had by me, that I might quote them, the verses of Paul Bourget, the theme of which is the love of a Parisian for a young Swedish girl passing through Paris. They would give a very good idea of the impression made on the French by these charming Scandinavians.

The people of Stockholm are extremely sociable, and some people say that the town is second only to New York in its culture of the telephone, adding that it is used there more to indulge the people's passion for conversation than for business. As for myself, I shall merely observe that living at Stockholm costs about half what it does at Paris.

There is a good deal that is very delightful at Stockholm in the summer, and there are plenty of pleasant excursions to be made in its environs. Naturalists say that the forests of Sweden are more silent than the woods of Germany, which is probably the result of two-thirds of the country being occupied by forests. Unfortunately, recently there has been so much cutting down of trees—which is to be regretted on other grounds—that singing-birds have had to take refuge in the woods that are left.

Three excursions certainly ought to be made, and would be thoroughly enjoyed by the visitor to Stockholm. He must go for a walk in the park of Djurgarden, outside the gates of the town; he must visit the huge palace of Drottningholm, and the historic palace of Gripsholm. Djurgarden is of a natural beauty, and peculiarly fitted for the embellishments of art. It consists of a rocky peninsula covered with a mass of oaks, pines, and hawthorns, such as can only be produced in a northern climate. Like sensible people, the Swedes thoroughly enjoy their park, and have set up beneath the plantains a statue of the most popular of their poets, the song-writer Bellman. Pretty and elegant houses are dotted about amongst the trees.

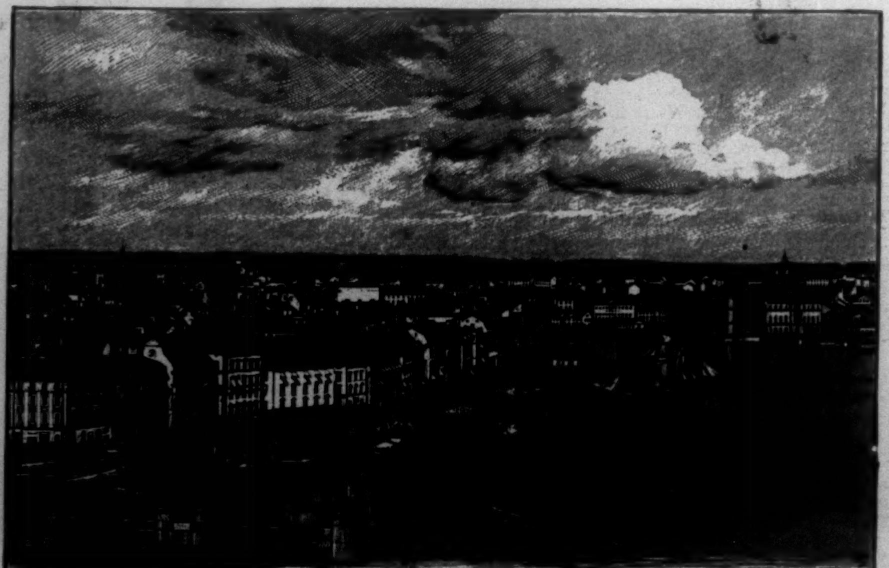


THE ROYAL PALACE.

The palace of Drottningholm, which is built after the model of that of Marseilles, occupies one of the thirteen hundred isles of Lake Mälaren. Many are the pictures contained in this palace, and some of them are certainly very piquant, if nothing else. I am not sure whether there is very much to admire from the point of view of art, but it would not be fair to pass over without a word those Swedish landscapes, made up of green trees and water, and bathed in a soft and tender light which can never be forgotten.

The Castle of Gripsholm is generally called the Swedish Versailles. Its chief claim to this title is its Historical Museum, which is much richer in national relics than is the French palace. Many a good drama has been produced in the round towers of Gripsholm which has been adapted for the French Odéon Theatre.

To sum up, lovers of nature will find, near Stockholm, much that is most picturesque, perhaps even grand. In the long winters the clearness of the twilight especially produces grand effects. Swedish tales are essentially dramatic, and remind us of those of Spain and Italy, introduced to us by Stendhal and Mérimée. Education is and has long been universal in Sweden. Every peasant can read, and the communal schools are regular palaces. Archæological studies are more eagerly pursued and held in higher esteem in Sweden than in any other country. As a sea-board and commercial city, as well as the owner of great art treasures, Stockholm, in the opinion of competent judges, takes high rank; and the natural courtesy and tact of the Swedes make a visit to their country very pleasant for the foreigner.



STOCKHOLM—THE CITY QUAY.

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* "L'Instruction supérieure en Russie," by Georges Cogordan. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1875. The whole article is excellent.

## BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

### THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

It was a noble office-seeker went to Washington
To get rewarded for the work he'd been and gone and done.
And first of all he thought that he would ask the President
To put him in the cabinet; but ere a day was spent,
Upon a circuit judgeship all his energies were bent.

The second week he thought that he would quite contented be
If he were made a consul in some town across the sea;
But when he found he could not have an office of that kind,
Unto a post-official place he turned his agile mind—
But not much to encourage him in this quest could he find.

Whereon he said a clerkship in the War Department would
Have features in it that he thought held quite a deal of good;
And added, if there were no place among the men of war,
He'd even serve his country as a public janitor,
Or as the keeper of some big official's office door.

When blust'ring March was over, he put in a new request;
A tradership in Lo's supplies, he said, would suit him best.
And when his application for that office was denied,
He showed himself a person to arouse his country's pride,
For with a free pass to his home, he went there satisfied.

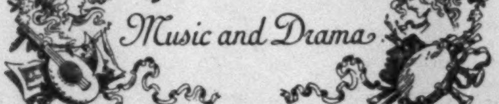
From which the world must gather that the office-seeker's not
A creature to be laughed at by the unambitious lot;
For though his heart on lofty place the office-seeker sets,
To settle up his party's and his nation's little debts,
He's apt to be quite happy over anything he gets.

John Kendrick Bangs.

## UNPACKING ART EXHIBITS.

Many kinds of skilled labor have been required at Jackson Park, where an army of men are now busy putting the finishing touches on the buildings and installing the exhibits. To pack a piece of sculpture or a painting so that no injury will happen in transit requires both experience and practice. The same kind of instructed skill is required in unpacking these works of art when they arrive at their destination. The custom has been in Chicago to have competent men for this work, and to have these men always under the watchful eye of a superintendent, who could also check off the invoices as the cases were relieved of their valuable contents. For several weeks past the works of art have been arriving in Chicago from all parts of the civilized world, and it has not been seldom the case that the foreign commissioners have entered into a kind of race so as to see which would have their exhibits first unpacked and in place. Packers of works of art, and even of less fragile things, might learn many lessons from the patient and careful Japanese, who do this thing to perfection. Not only is each article put away so that there is no chance for breakage, but after the case is fastened tightly, provision is made against mishaps from rough handling. Not only is the side that is to be uppermost indicated by marks, but, that there can be no excuse for carelessness, handles are placed on the cases, so that the train-men or stevedores can conveniently move the cases as they should be moved.

There is no longer room for doubt as to the great success of the fine arts exhibits. Students and connoisseurs of art will be afforded the best kind of an opportunity to compare the achievements of the modern masters and schools with one another.



## Music and Drama

In point of distinct and suggestive novelty in both design and treatment the first production of *The Poet and Puppets*, a burlesque on Mr. Oscar Wilde and his play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, produced at the Garden Theatre by one of Mr. Frohman's numerous excellent companies, was unquestionably the central point of interest of an unusually busy dramatic week. At a time when they were still friends, and before Mr. Whistler had written his brilliant monograph on *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, he one day, when Mr. Wilde was by, got off a singularly witty remark. Quoth Mr. Wilde, "Jimmy, I wish I had said that." "Never mind, Oscar," returned Mr. Whistler; "you will." The literary attitude suggested by this eminently Whistlerian retort is the one which Mr. Charles Brookfield satirizes in his undeniably clever skit on Mr. Wilde and his play. This travesty, which for want of a better name is called burlesque, is in its way unique, and defies classification. There is nothing that the philosophy of dramatic art has known hitherto, at any rate in this country, to which it may be likened or compared. There is in it, and especially in the prologue, a more than strong resemblance to that most airy and intangible of dramatic nothings, the French "*Revue*." To those who have seen *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Poet and Puppets* puts a finger on the dramatic weaknesses, inconsistencies, unconventionalities, and improbabilities of that rather overestimated play with unerring precision, in a way which, though tellingly sarcastic, is not on the whole unkindly. The bare bones and creaking joints of the conventional dramatic skeleton, which Mr. Wilde has covered with the flesh of epigram and caustic comment, stand plainly revealed. To those who have not seen Mr. Wilde's play the travesty is possessed of sufficient independent humor and oddity to make it interesting. The prologue, in which by the aid of a kindly fairy Mr. Wilde summons well-known dramatic and managerial shades to assist him in inventing (?) a drama, for which his reputation will not allow him to accept any material which has not been already tried and proved by previous use, and the scene in Lord Pentonville's chambers, where, each carrying his own chair, the gentlemen of the company arrange themselves in the familiar semicircle of the negro minstrel stage and get off time-honored and moss-grown jokes, are the best in the piece, and are intrinsically and ingeniously witty and amusing. One would think that the burlesque had been considerably revised, adapted, and localized for the American stage, and what is and what is not Mr. Brookfield's is fairly apparent. Still, the local allusions are cleverly introduced, and being in keeping with the general spirit of the piece, detract in no way from its distinctly original flavor. Any one who enjoys a distinctly new dramatic sensation—and who does not?—should see *The Poet and Puppets*. It contains hints in many and suggestions not a few for future work along the same lines, which, if they are wise, American dramatic writers will take advantage of.

It has been said above that *The Poet and Puppets* suggests the French "*Revue*." Mr. Brookfield's travesty, in so much, furnishes a suggestion and indication as to how this French "*Revue*" might be successfully transplanted to the American stage. The company presenting *The Poet and Puppets* certainly developed undeniable capabilities and qualifications as burlesquers, which fact furnishes another suggestion as to where the necessary material to adequately present those delightful little frothy comedies with music attached, which have far too long been confined to the Parisian stage, might readily be obtained. As the Poet, Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde, Mr. Henry Miller not only resembled the whilom æsthete and apostle of the sunflower in appearance and manner, but fulfilled all the necessary requirements of a singing and dancing comedian, and was at the same time artistic and legitimately amusing. The same may also be said of Mr. Roberts as Lord Windermere. Miss May Robson sang a very funny song in her very funny way, and did a skirt-dance with high kickings which appeared amazing, until she disclosed a third leg, which she worked from her pocket. Mr. Brown's take-off of Mr. Holland was startlingly exact and humorous; and Mr. Figman, burlesquing Mr. Daly and Mr. Tree, contributed some excellent work. Miss Irwin was, as usual, sprightly and nimble-footed; and the other ladies of the company generally worked with evident appreciation of the situation and in thorough harmony with their surroundings. Mr. Clyde Fitche's *Frédéric le Maître* replaced the one-act farce, *His Wedding-Day*, which preceded the burlesque when first produced on the third night.

The Lyceum Theatre this season seems determined to show its audiences Americans as they appear abroad, rather than as they appear at home, though the "American Girl in London" of Messrs. Sims and Raleigh's play, *The Guardsman*, produced there on Monday night, is an infinitely more natural, possible, and interesting individual than the high-flown, sentimental heroine of M. Sardou's play. If, as we are told, *Americans Abroad* was a typical Lyceum piece, *The Guardsman* is not. For the former piece was decidedly wishy-washy; the latter is decidedly and genuinely amusing. It is unnecessary to apply severe critical tests to a play like *The Guardsman*. Its authors have described it as "a humorous play," which is evidently their notion of a piece which begins like a comedy and ends like a French farce *au tiroir*. *The Guardsman* is decidedly and typically English in tone, and yet the characters are true enough to nature to be familiar, and just enough caricatures to allow us to laugh with and at them. So long as one can laugh at all, one is not tempted to stop and investigate the means by which that merriment is produced. It is, therefore, quite immaterial if in *The Guardsman* there is rather more action than story, if the situations and incidents are largely conventional, and present nothing particularly novel, and if the methods employed to produce the desired effect savor rather of farce than of legitimate comedy. Possibly the piece is rather too British in tone to be quite appreciated by an average American audience, and for this reason, perhaps, many essentially London localisms really funny to those initiated into London life did not apparently appeal as strongly as they might have done to a Lyceum first-night audience. Anybody who is neither cynical nor misanthropic can go to *The Guardsman* and laugh heartily, and what more need be required of a piece which invites public patronage as "a humorous play." The complications which grow out of the story, if not novel, are decidedly amusing, and the dialogue throughout is crisp, telling, and witty, and for the first time we see on the stage an American girl who is neither a prude nor a Daisy Miller, and who is a sketch from life rather than a caricature. And for this we are indebted to English authors! Will wonders never cease? The piece is admirably acted in all important respects, and as it is produced at the Lyceum, it is almost needless to say that it is thoroughly well staged, with both taste and effect. By his impersonation of Mr. Hanbury Hakes, a pickle merchant with social aspirations, Mr. Williams showed himself to be a character actor who can take rank with the best. This character type, though it seems impossible on this side of the water, is one frequently met with in England, and was depicted by Mr. Williams with great tact, self-restraint, and humor. Both Mr. Kelcey and Mr. Walcot were good as the Guardsman and the marriage-hating uncle, though the former was rather overweighted in the extreme farcical situations of the last act by former and more legitimate experiences. Miss Maud Harrison made a natural, gracious, and dainty American girl, and played with a nice sense of humor, constant spirit, and a sure and appreciative touch. Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Shannon, and Miss Tyree all did well. Mr. Ratcliffe was distinctly undercast, while Mr. Cook as an Irish servant was objectionably over-boisterous. Altogether one would venture to think that *The Guardsman* would prove a decided attraction during its limited stay at the Lyceum.

Last week, too, the musical candle flickered up brightly before going out for the season, as it shortly must do. Tuesday night the Brodsky Quartet gave their last concert of the season, playing a Beethoven quartet very badly, and a Schumann quartet very well. Mr. Plunkett Greene was the soloist. This gentleman also gave the first of a series of four song recitals on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Greene has in many respects a charming voice, and sings at all times with great taste and evident appreciation, but does not at all times seem to have the requisite vocal means for carrying out his artistic intentions, which fact might suggest overwork or a lack of self-restraint. His selections, too, seem at times monotonous, being too little varied in sentiment and general style. For all this, Mr. Greene can always be heard with pleasure. The important events of the week were the performance of Dvorák's cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*, by the Church Choral Association and Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Richard Henry Warren; and Saint-Saëns's dramatic oratorio, *Samson and Delilah*, by the Oratorio Society and Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch. Both these works are masterpieces in their way, and both received an adequate and, in the main, excellent production. *The Spectre's Bride* was given for the first time in New York, and one welcomed the charitable intent which afforded the opportunity of hearing so masterly a work, and one so typical of a composer who is at present so nearly associated with our national musical present and future. Charity and music certainly moved hand in hand last week, as charity was again the motive of the Wagner concert by the Symphony Orchestra on Friday night, and of M. Paderewski's concert on Saturday, which completed the tale of musical events of the week.

We shall have the pleasure next week of hearing military music of the highest class interpreted by two representative German military bands, cavalry and infantry, who will give a series of concerts at Madison Square Garden previous to their departure to Chicago, where they are to discourse sweet strains during the course of the exposition. Miss Alice Mandelick, a young singer who has been winning golden opinions from both press and public during the past season, assisted by Mr. Rieger, tenor, Mr. Graham Reed, barytone, and others, gave a concert last week. Miss Mandelick herself has a low mezzo voice of rarely beautiful quality in the lower register, and smooth, sweet, and sympathetic throughout. Her artistic appreciation also is strongly marked, and she sings with constant taste, understanding, and effect. Altogether Miss Mandelick is a singer of exceptional promise, and much good work may be expected from her in the future, either in concert or in opera, as she may elect.

Reginald de Koven.

## THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

A gentleman speaking of this institution the other day called it the "People's College," and with reason. Education belongs to the people; education is only possible through teachers, and teachers in the truest sense are benefited and helped by the Teachers' College. An outgrowth of the earnest work of a few men and women who believed in practical training for the development of boys and girls, the college has evolved, not been created. It has met the growing needs of the times, and is the result of combined efforts of many experts in different subjects. Its circular of information defines its aim as a professional school rather than a normal school in the usual sense of that term. The elements of a secondary education are not taught at the college, but are required of applicants for admission. The college is designed to equip students thoroughly for the profession of teaching, and the course of study is drawn up with this end in view. While students who desire to fit themselves as teachers of particular branches may pursue special courses for that purpose if they choose, yet it is strongly recommended that all pupils follow the general course first, and fit themselves for a specialty afterwards.

A school of observation and practice is maintained, and in this students acquire skill in dealing with the different branches. This school is unique in its character, as it is complete from a Kindergarten class of little ones under four to the high-school where young men and women come to prepare for further studies or for life. All is under one able head, and through observation of its organization and methods the college classes learn how a school should be graded and arranged as well as taught.

Over seventeen States are represented in the 900 graduates and students. Their average age is twenty-five years, proving that men and women of maturity come for instruction as they would go to other professional schools. An increasing number of college graduates also seek here further opportunities for preparation for their life's work. Teachers who have taught—some as many as twenty years—come for six months or a year, and go out with fresh inspiration and skill. Boards of education, superintendents, heads of large schools, etc., come to learn how to adapt the new manual training systems to school needs.

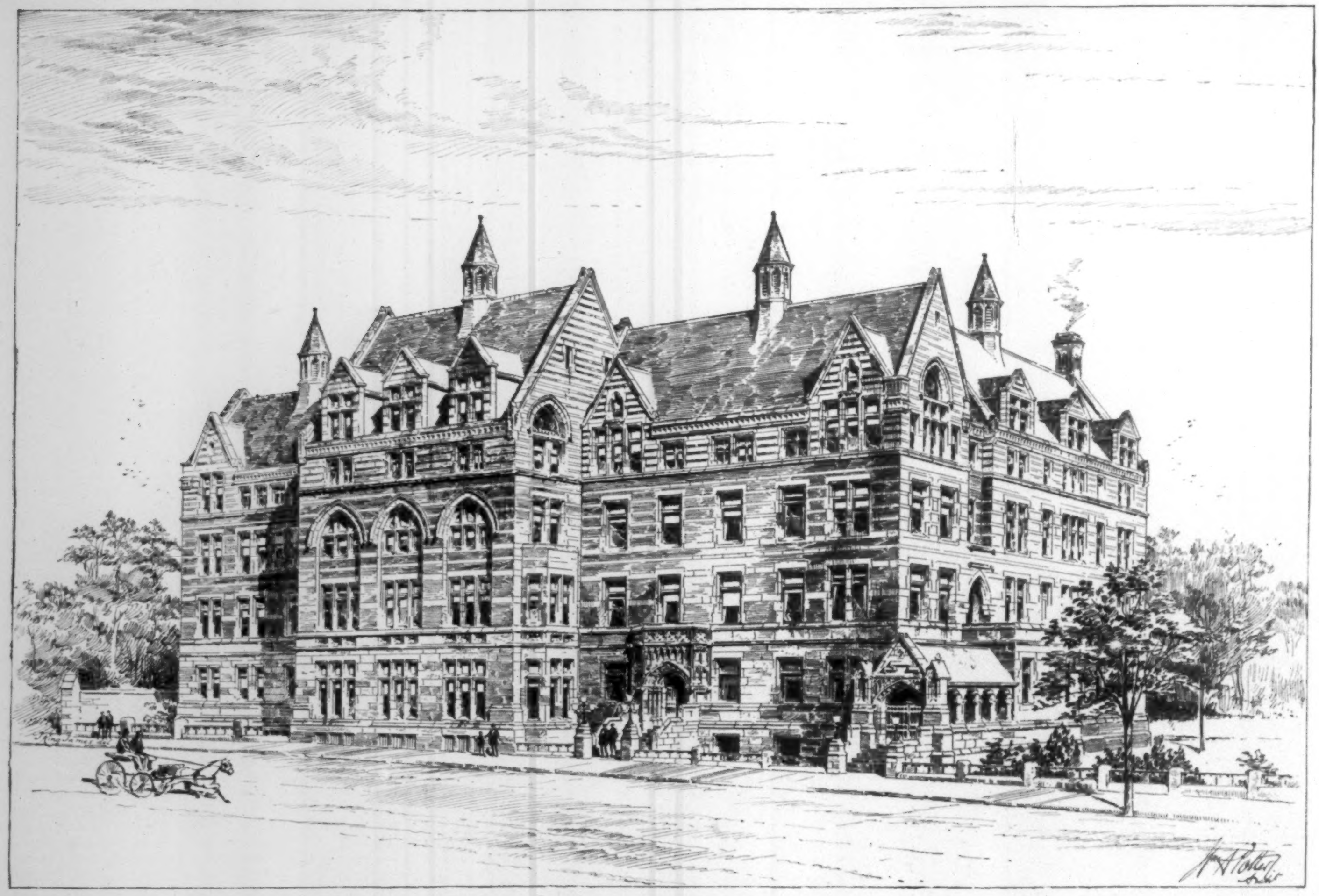
Manual training or practical education has been from the outset the key-note of the college work. This in its twofold aspect—viz., the one, based on the social conditions and needs of modern life, which claims that every boy and girl should learn to use hands and eyes, and be trained in the use of tools, as well as to sew, cook, and take responsibilities in the home; the other, which is more important, the psychological: this asserts that the mind of the child requires at every stage of its development the practical exercises afforded by contact with clay, paper, cloth, wood, and iron in the processes of modelling, drawing, and construction in its various forms.

A college president defines the value of education as follows:

"In manual training there are no rules, no facts to be memorized. There can be no rote work. The pupil can deceive neither himself nor his teacher. His work, not his words, is the sole test of the truth of his thought. If true, it needs no proof, if false, it is false on its face. This training in exactness, order, precision, training in power to think, to judge, to execute, training in truth and honesty with self—this is manual training."

The Teachers' College has exerted a steadily widening influence in connection with the philanthropic work of the country.

In the fall of 1891 the institution celebrated its fifth anniversary, and the fifth year in its present quarters at 9 University Place. It had grown so quietly that few outside of the educators of the country knew of its power and usefulness. A large number of students had flocked to its thirty-six special courses, grouped under ten departments. The number of professors and instructors had grown to thirty-two. The financial success of the five years was proved by no debt having been incurred, and by the treasurer's statement, which showed that from the small annual budget of $2000 the expenses had grown to $63,000; further, by $30,000 having been earned annually by the college itself. Great interest in the work had also been expressed by broad thinkers. These facts as well as others made the trustees appreciate that the college was of special value to the community, and that effort on their part was needed to make the institution permanent, and to secure for it buildings worthy of its great work. To meet the first requirement it



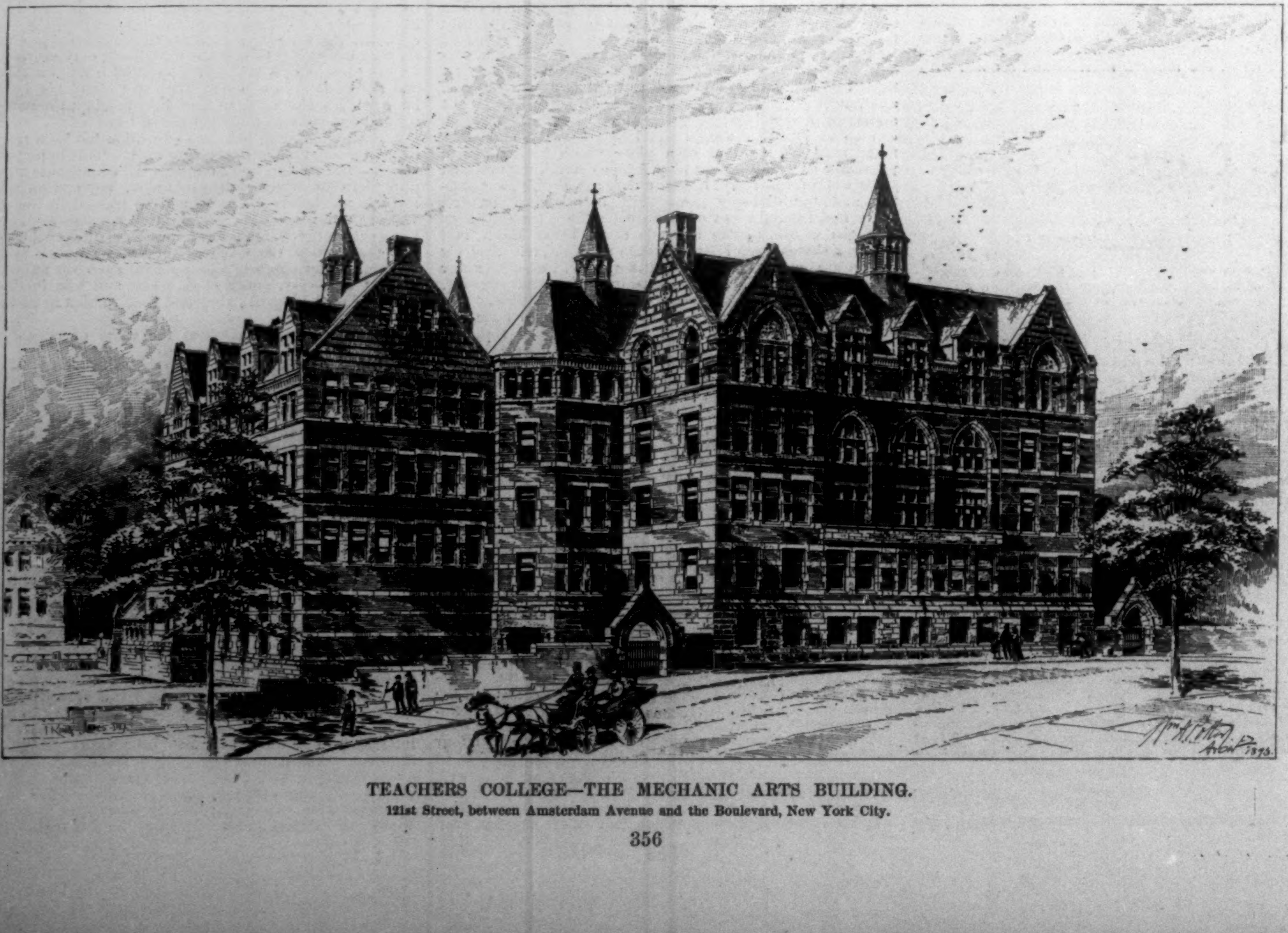
TEACHERS COLLEGE—MAIN BUILDING.
120th Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, New York City.

was realized that a professional school should be affiliated with a university, and conferences were held with representatives from the Board of Trustees of Columbia College. After careful consideration and deliberation an alliance was completed in February of this year, by which all courses leading to a degree are placed under the control of Columbia University, and students in Columbia and Barnard colleges are allowed to elect courses in the Teachers' College as part of their regular work. A permanent charter was also granted by the State Regents in place of the temporary one previously given.

A start upon fulfilling the requirements of the second need was met by the presentation to the college by one of its trustees, Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt, of twenty lots on 120th and 121st streets, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. This will bring the college opposite to the new grounds of Columbia, and in close relationship to other great institutions. Plans of buildings were prepared by the architect, Mr. William A. Potter, working with the heads of the several departments, and last spring contracts were made for the erection of the main building, after $125,000 had been given or pledged. This building will contain, besides a hall and lecture-rooms, the kindergarten, the school of observation and practice, the Bryson library, and the laboratories of the departments of psychology and science.

In February of this year a friend of the college, whose name is withheld, presented $225,000 to use in the erection and equipment of the Arts Building, for the departments of mechanic arts, and of form study and drawing, and their appropriate museums, exhibits, and libraries. Certain gentlemen have also promised $60,000 on condition that $140,000 additional is secured by July 1st, the $200,000 being needed to finish the main building. There still is required that portion of the building which is for domestic science, and other needed rooms for the girl and women students. It is much hoped that some one may desire to give this building to the girls of New York, as another has given such a grand opportunity to the boys. Nowhere does effort tell more than in a teachers' college, for each student represents the future training and development of hundreds of young lives. Theoretical training alone is not so valuable as practical laboratory methods, where prospective teachers can do and see as well as learn, and where they gain skill in methods of teaching all subjects, especially of those directly related to the training of the hand and eye as well as the brain. The Teachers' College has a grand field of usefulness in just this direction, and it is hoped that many more thinking men and women will wish to co-operate with such a unique and powerful agency, which is telling and must tell more and more upon the educational thought of our city and country.

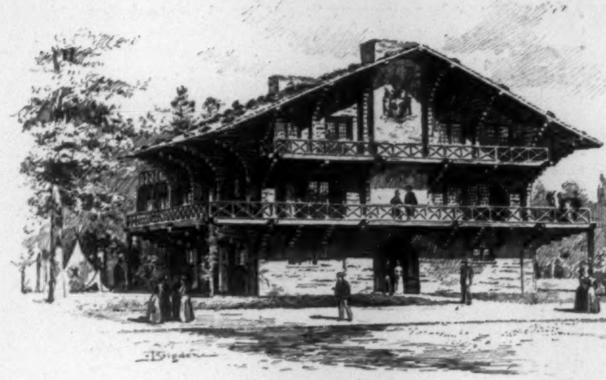
GRACE H. DODGE.



TEACHERS COLLEGE—THE MECHANIC ARTS BUILDING.
121st Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, New York City.

## THE IDAHO STATE BUILDING.

THE pride of the people of Idaho at the World's Fair will be their State building. To decide upon an edifice that could be erected for the limited sum appropriated for this purpose, and at the same time have a building that would do credit to the State, was a troublesome problem to Commissioner James M. Wells, who alone has charge of Idaho's interests at the World's Columbian Exposition. It was desired to have a typical home production, something illustrative of the life, soil, and climate of this young Western commonwealth, and yet a building which would not seem out of place alongside of the elegant structures erected by the older and wealthier States. It is frequently remarked by travellers that high up among the mining camps of the mountains the rough logs and weather-beaten "shakes" of some pioneer's abode often conceal luxurious interior appointments, and a life of refinement which is as agreeable as it is unexpected. This thought was no doubt in mind when it was decided to build a structure of logs in the style of a Swiss chalet. Messrs. Cutter & Poetz, of Spokane, are the architects of the building, and have ably carried out the conceptions of Commissioner Wells.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE IDAHO BUILDING.

Of the $50,000 appropriated by the State to make an exhibit of the products and resources of Idaho at the World's Fair, $15,000 were used in the construction of the building. But this does not by any means represent its actual cost. The people all over the State have contributed with a liberal hand towards this fund. The ladies of Boisé City alone have raised about $2000 for furnishing the ladies' reception-room in the Idaho building. The owners of the McConnell mica mine, in Latah County, have donated $3000 worth of mica, to be used in furnishing a room to be known as the Mica Hall. Nearly every town in the State is represented in some way, and some whose purses are not in keeping with their enthusiasm have contented themselves with presenting to the commission solid silver drinking-cups, of which there will be a half-dozen or more for use in the building. Thus it is estimated that the State appropriation for the building will be nearly doubled by donations from the people.

Idaho's building will be a log cabin, built of tall and stately cedars from forests which cover millions of acres, and make this one of the wealthiest lumber regions in the West. It will be roofed with cedar "shakes." It will make no pretensions to grandeur. In magnificence it cannot be compared with those costing ten times as much. Some of its features, however, are worthy of special notice. There is found in this State a lava rock, like slate, of a red-brown color, scattered loosely over the surface of the ground, and the homesteader has only to pick it up to have an excellent building material. Several car-loads of this lava have been sent to Chicago for use in the Idaho building. The building itself has a frontage of 50 feet, with a total depth of 80 feet. The main entrance is through a loggia, or open vestibule, 7 by 10 feet. The first floor is divided into four office-rooms and two toilet-rooms. These office-rooms will be known as the Fir Room, the Cedar Room, the Tamarack Room, and the Pine Room, each one being furnished in the wood which gives it the name. The second floor will be occupied by the two reception-rooms, one for the gentlemen and one for the ladies, separated transversely by the Mica Hall. The gentlemen's room will be typical of a hunter's lodge, and here will be on exhibition all that is needed to make the life of a Nimrod in the far West seem romantic. The fireplace, built of Idaho marble, will have huge bear-traps for andirons. The trophies of the chase, hung profusely around the walls, will be sufficient to arouse a desire in the tamest resident of the East for a chance to hunt in the forests of Idaho. The ladies' reception-room will be noted for its luxurious appointments and the delicate handiwork of those who have its furnishing in charge. A pure white marble fireplace from Idaho quarries, with andirons of pick, shovel, and hammer, emblematic of a miner's tools, will be one of the features. The second floor will also be extended to form a roof garden. In this will be grown the wild flowers of the mountains. The third floor will be used as an exhibition-room, and here will be made a display of taxidermy. Many a bird that one would expect to find only in a more Southern clime makes Idaho its home, and efforts have been made to secure a pair of each variety.

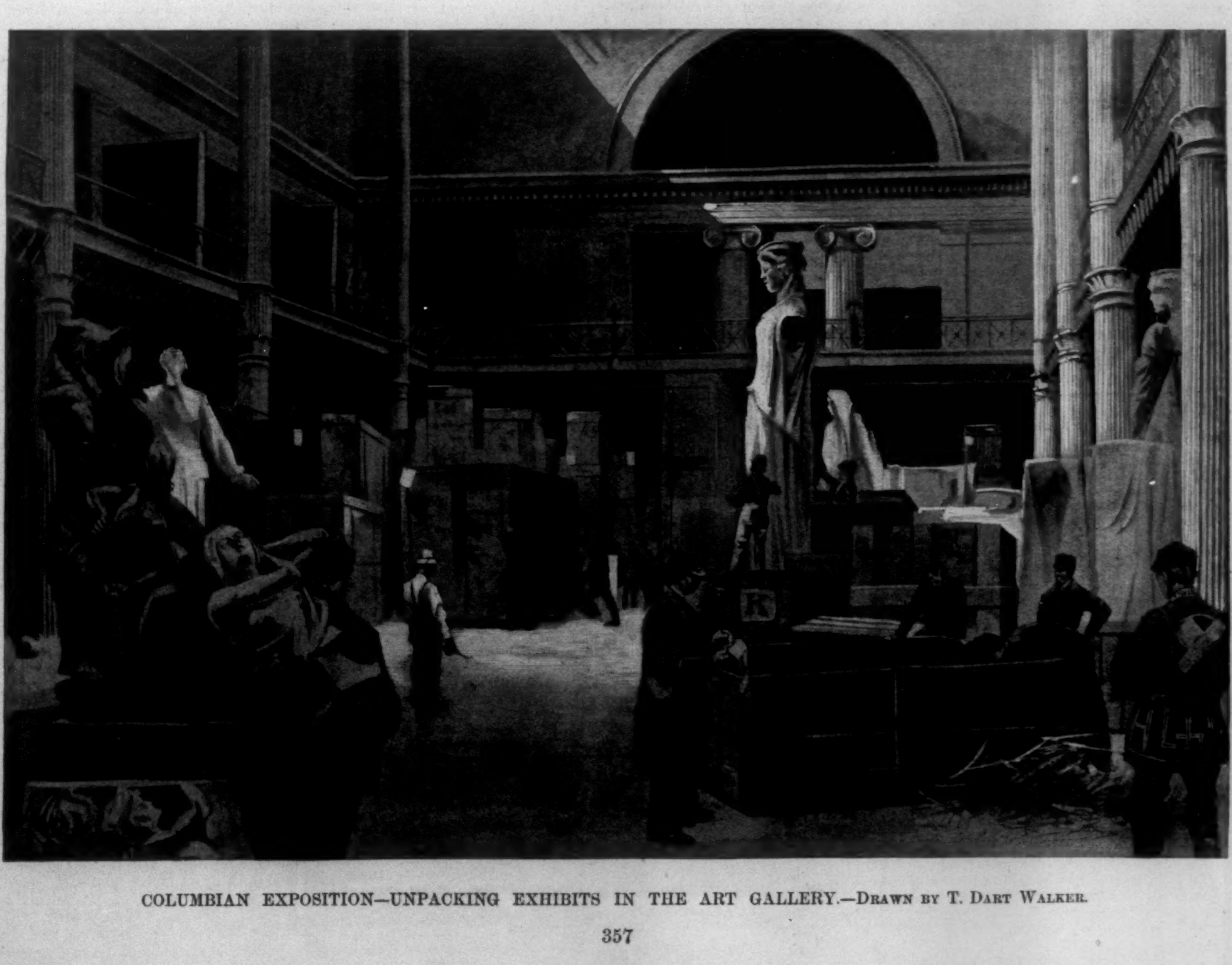
## THE STOCK EXCHANGE CLEARING-HOUSE.

ANY institution which simplifies and safeguards great financial operations in a money centre is a public boon. It is not too much to say that the Clearing-house of the New York Stock Exchange prevented a financial panic at the time of the great break in Reading last February, by the mathematical certainty as well as the swiftness of its work in handling the tremendous volume of its business at that sensitive period. The Clearing-house is only a year old, while its namesake of the banks is forty years of age. The latter deals with only one article—money, while the former deals with that, and also with twenty-one other factors, that being the number of securities that it clears. The general principles governing both institutions are practically the same; they simply act as intermediaries to avoid the necessity of bringing together in every transaction those immediately concerned in them. Thus, through the New York Clearing-house Association an exchange is effected every day of the checks and bills held by each bank against all the others, and a balance made up and notified to every bank, whereupon the banks send legal tenders or gold to the Clearing-house and pay these balances. The Clearing-house of the Stock Exchange effects precisely this purpose in regard to the stock transfers of each day. There are sixty-five banks in the New York Clearing-house Association, and the daily business done through its means averages over $100,000,000. The largest amount ever handled by the Association in one day was $295,821,422 37, on February 28, 1881. The Stock Exchange Clearing-house handles twenty-one different stocks, including sometimes as many as twenty thousand transactions in one day, and including also very much of the business formerly done by the New York Clearing-house Association.

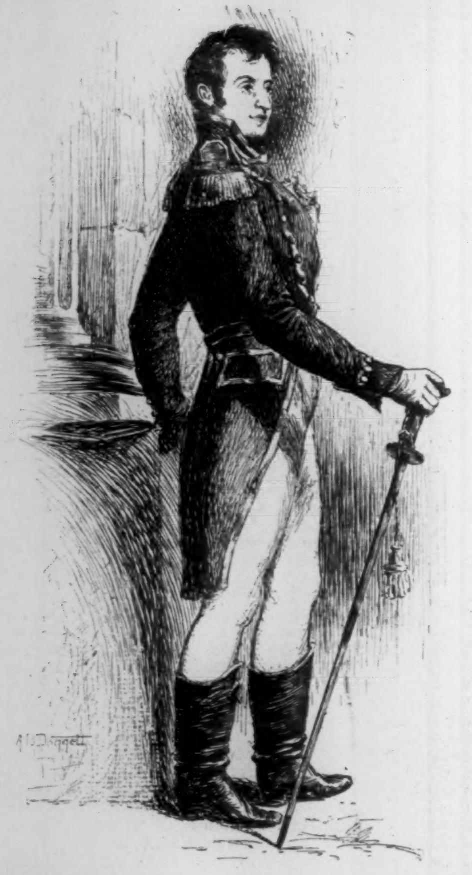
The result often figures up to from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 per day. At the height of the Reading excitement the value of the stock clearances was upwards of $200,000,000, and amounting to more than four million shares of stock.

The idea of a Stock Exchange Clearing-house had been applied in Philadelphia and Boston prior to the organization of the one in New York, but of course with transactions bearing no proportion to those handled by the one under consideration. In no Bourse or Exchange in Europe is any precisely similar adjunct employed; the use of the establishment for the purpose of "clearing" money exchanges between brokers being purely an American invention. The New York Stock Exchange Clearing-house was organized May 17, 1892, under the direction of a special committee of the Stock Exchange, of which Mr. F. L. Eames was the leading spirit and active worker. From the beginning it has been under the immediate direction and management of Mr. W. V. Carolin. That it has answered the purpose for which it was organized goes without saying, as also that its conduct is as like clockwork as can be predicated of any intelligent human organism whatsoever. The tremendous relief on the strain of Wall Street in periods of great excitement is one of the chief marvels of the enterprise. Whereas formerly no broker knew before noon exactly what was his financial status, now he is thoroughly informed regarding it at the hour when business begins. It is demonstrable that the reduction in the labor and risk of stock transactions is as much as 80 per cent., while the reduction in the amount of bank certification amounts to not less than $400,000,000 per month. Here, it will be seen, the labors of bank tellers are reduced by an amount of very serious importance. Then, also, the unerring certainty of the Clearing-house work, where every computation is made over and over again, is in itself a great relief to those engaged in stock-dealings.

The plan of the Clearing-house is very simple. Brokers send in statements and tickets covering the day's transactions, with drafts or checks to pay balances. The statements are footed and sorted, about twenty tellers and clerks only being employed in these duties, and by 9.45 A.M. of the following day every broker gets an exact rendering of his situation — as to whether he is to deliver or receive stocks, and to or from what other party. Our illustration gives an exact picture of the scene when the Clearing-house is in full operation; certainly one widely different from the apparent confusion and disturbance which usually characterize the transaction of business in Wall Street. The Stock Exchange Clearing-house is at No. 37 New Street.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—UNPACKING EXHIBITS IN THE ART GALLERY.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.



CAPTAIN STEPHEN DECATUR.

# NAVY COSTUMES.

ALTHOUGH no branch of American history has more attraction for the popular mind than the navy, yet little seems to be known about the manner of dress or the style of uniform worn by the officers and men of either the United States or English navies a hundred years ago, and even as late as 1816. What little information we have on this subject comes from a few paintings showing the uniforms of some of our naval commanders, but these are frequently inaccurate and misleading.

Sully has presented Captain Stephen Decatur to us in a uniform somewhat like that of a British admiral of that period, with not quite so much gold lace and braid, but with the tight cassimere trousers and Hessian boots and tassel of gold and full-size epaulets; therefore, whenever this hero comes before the public eye it is always with a halo of tailor-made glory about him. As a matter of fact it is extremely doubtful if Decatur had ever worn a captain's uniform before the battle between the *United States* and the *Macedonian* in 1812, for up to that time the navy had been neglected by the government, in spite of the warnings of the French and Tripolitan wars, while the pay of our commanders was only $100 a month, with which they were expected to support their families and clothe themselves. One thing at least is certain, that during the cruise in which Decatur captured the *Macedonian* he did not wear a uniform, for, according to an eye-witness, he wore "an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes, which made him look more like a farmer than a naval commander." Sully was a young man when he painted Decatur's portrait, but he evidently understood human nature quite as well as portrait-painters before and after his time, so he gave us Decatur posing for a portrait instead of Decatur covered with the blood and grime of battle, fighting the battles of his country.

Such being the erroneous impression existing in regard to the style of dress worn in the early days of the navy, it will be interesting to learn just how our officers and seamen really looked when they so gallantly and successfully fought the English in the war for independence, the French in the war of 1798–1801, the Turks in the war of 1802–5, and the English again in the war of 1812.

At the beginning of the war of the Revolution, the Marine Committee, on the 5th of September, 1776, designed what was known as the "paper uniform" of the Revolution, for it seems that the uniform did not get beyond a series of resolutions except in one or two cases. This committee "resolved" that the uniforms of the officers of the United States navy should be as follows: Captains, a coat of blue cloth with red lapels, slashed cuffs, a stand-up collar, flat yellow buttons, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat with yellow lace. The lieutenant's uniform was to consist of a blue coat with red lapels, round cuffs faced, a stand-up collar, yellow buttons, blue breeches, and a plain red waistcoat. The master's uniform was a blue coat with lapels, round cuffs, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat. The midshipman's uniform was a blue coat with lapels, a round cuff faced with red, a stand-up collar, with red at the buttons and red at the button-holes, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat.

The officers of the marines were to have a uniform consisting of a green coat faced with white, round cuffs, slashed sleeves and pockets, with buttons around the cuff, a silver epaulet on the left shoulder, skirts of the coat turned back, buttons for the facings, white waistcoat and breeches edged with green, black gaiters and garters. The men were to wear green shirts "if they could be procured."

It is exceedingly improbable that these uniforms were realized by our gallant naval officers of the Revolution, for besides the doubt in the mind of the Marine Committee, expressed by the significant "if they can be procured," most of the articles of dress enumerated in the resolutions were imported, and the beginning of hostilities promptly cut off such importations. Furthermore, Congress had more than it could do to provide arms, ships, food, and ammunition for the officers and seamen, to say nothing about uniforms. In April, 1776, the Massachusetts State Council resolved that officers commanding the State cruisers should have a uniform of green and white, and that "they furnish themselves accordingly."

John Paul Jones, of course, is the best-known figure in the navy during the war for independence. What paintings we have of him represent him in a unique dress, partaking extensively of the accoutrements of the French naval officer of that day, and including a part of the Russian uniform, so that in all his exploits while in the service of the United States the popular fancy has him rigged out in some such dress. When we consider, however, the general lack of organization in the administration of American naval affairs at that time, and that the pay of captains commanding ships mounting from ten to twenty guns was only $48 a month, with which they were expected to "find themselves," we must come to the conclusion that it is extremely unlikely that they had any uniform at all, except such as they chose to get up when sitting for portraits.

If the pay of captains at that time was too small to enable them to enjoy the luxury of a uniform, the pay of officers of lower rank rendered it even more difficult for them to supply themselves with such outfits. The pay of lieutenants was $24 a month, and that of midshipmen only $12, while surgeons got only $21⅔ a month, and chaplains received nothing, except in ships mounting over twenty guns, when they received $20 a month.

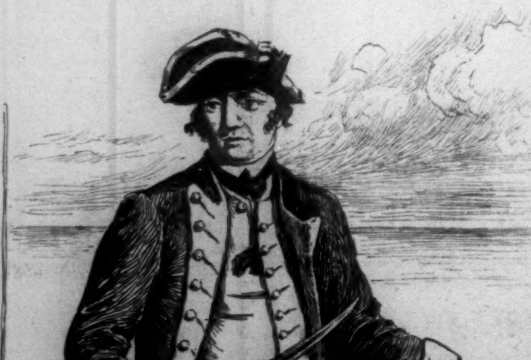
The prosaic facts of the case seem to be that the redoubtable Jones achieved his greatness dressed in a red shirt of no special pattern, plain civilian clothes, selected more from the necessity of keeping warm than for the fitness of things or harmony in colors, and trousers that were hitched together at the waist with a leather strap. Instead of the epaulets, gold braid, and point-lace which in paintings adorn the uniform of the *Bonhomme Richard's* commander, it is more likely that his clothing was decorated with patches put on by the ship's tailor; and if the ship's tailor of that day was in keeping with his surroundings—and there is no reason for believing to the contrary—the celebrated Jones undoubtedly had his clothing patched with pieces of oil-soaked tarpauling, fastened on by means of a marline-spike and spun yarn. His lieutenants were undoubtedly clothed in the same style, but graded down in proportion to their rank.

As for the other commanders in the navy during the revolution, such as John Barry, Abraham Whipple, John Foster William, James Nicholson, Alexander Murry, Hoysted Hacker, and John Manly, and their lieutenants and midshipmen, it is still less probable that they had any kind of a uniform. Nearly all of these men served in the commercial marine as masters of merchantmen and as mates, and on being called upon to man the war-vessels of the rebelling colonies, they assumed their positions while still having the merchantman's prejudice and dislike for man-of-war discipline and uniform.

The seamen who fought so gallantly under our commanders during the war of the Revolution were even more picturesquely attired than their officers. The crew of the *Bonhomme Richard* must have been a sight well worth seeing. The muster-roll of that ship showed that the men hailed from Russia, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Ireland, England, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Finland, Malaya, Tripoli, Africa, and from different parts of North and South America. As the men wore the same clothing they had on when they enlisted at L'Orient, the ship must have presented a highly cosmopolitan appearance. Few of them understood the English language. It was with such a crew as this that Captain John Paul Jones won the most remarkable and brilliant action between single ships of the eighteenth century.

The crews commanded by Lambert Wickes, Gustavus Conyngham, Richard Dale, and all the American officers who cruised in European waters were made up of such material, while the crews enlisted even in American ports, although being more homogeneous, were perhaps attired with quite as little regard to uniformity. Many of them had the canvas petticoat reaching down to the knee, and painted in whatever color the wearer's fancy dictated or his means permitted, while the remainder of their attire was made up from what they could buy cheap in whatever port they happened to be in, or what they could appropriate from prizes, whether they were colliers from Newcastle or corsairs of Barbary.

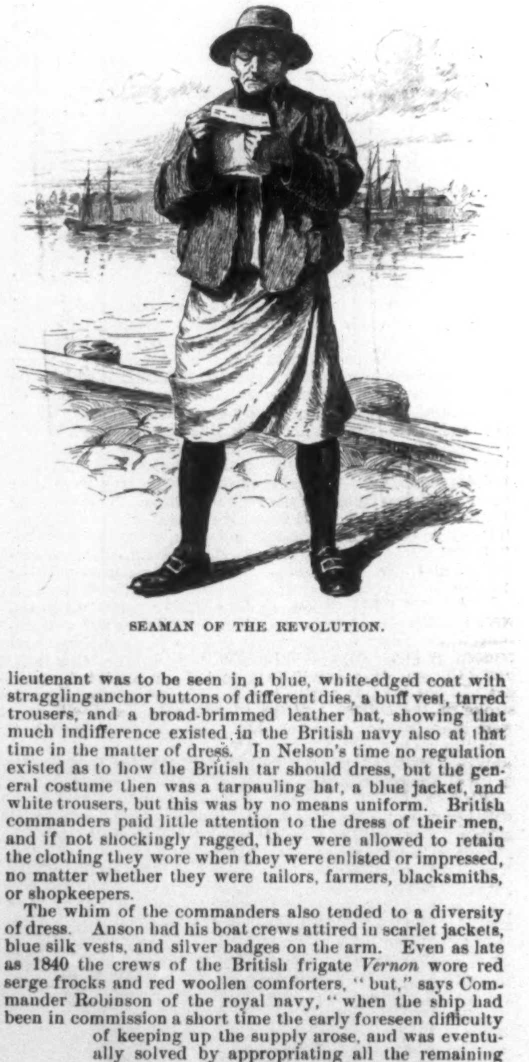
The only uniformity that can be said to have existed among the seamen of the American Revolution was the pigtail, which was formed by letting the hair grow long and binding it together in a cue down the back, with just enough wax in it to make the end curl up like a fish-hook.



CAPTAIN HOPKINS.

But Americans need feel no mortification over the dress of their early naval officers and seamen, for those of other nations at the same period were quite as shabbily clothed, and in some instances British officers invented uniforms for their crews that were ridiculous. Even as late as 1853 Commander Wilmot, of the English cruiser *Harlequin*, dressed the crew of his gig as harlequins, and it is said that the port watch sported around as pantaloons. In the following year, 1854, Captain Wallace Houston, of the *Trincomalee*, had his crew attired in red shirts and fancy caps; while the crew of the British cruiser *Tulip* is represented as being dressed in green, "with an imitation tulip reversed for caps, and the boats' crews clothed in tiger-skins to resemble Zulus, with short paddles instead of oars."

It is not likely that during our two years and a half of war with France, 1798–1801, uniforms were worn to any extent by American officers, for in 1804 we find that Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, while commanding the *Intrepid* before Tripoli, was dressed in nankeen trousers and a sailor's jacket. Some of the commanders, however, had the crews of their gigs dressed in some kind of uniform, that of Captain William Bainbridge, of the 32-gun frigate *Essex*, while at Barcelona in 1802, being dressed in white duck. Captain Glasscock of the English navy in 1800 records that at least one naval lieutenant was to be seen in a blue, white-edged coat with straggling anchor buttons of different dies, a buff vest, tarred trousers, and a broad-brimmed leather hat, showing that much indifference existed in the British navy also at that time in the matter of dress. In Nelson's time no regulation existed as to how the British tar should dress, but the general costume then was a tarpauling hat, a blue jacket, and white trousers, but this was by no means uniform. British commanders paid little attention to the dress of their men, and if not shockingly ragged, they were allowed to retain the clothing they wore when they were enlisted or impressed, no matter whether they were tailors, farmers, blacksmiths, or shopkeepers.

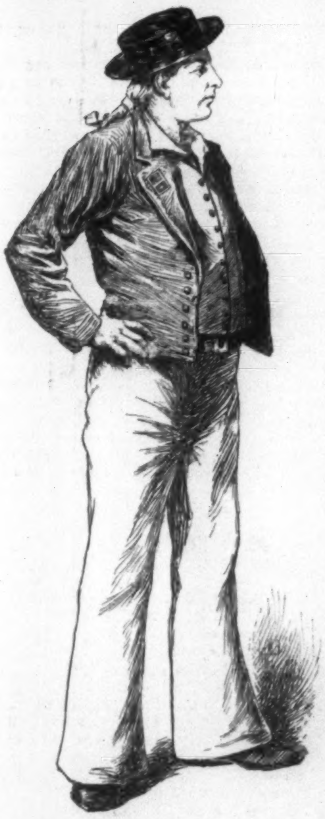


SEAMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The whim of the commanders also tended to a diversity of dress. Anson had his boat crews attired in scarlet jackets, blue silk vests, and silver badges on the arm. Even as late as 1840 the crews of the British frigate *Vernon* wore red serge frocks and red woollen comforters, "but," says Commander Robinson of the royal navy, "when the ship had been in commission a short time the early foreseen difficulty of keeping up the supply arose, and was eventually solved by appropriating all the remaining red frocks to one watch, the other donning the blue, which were obtainable from the purser. The checkered appearance of the men when on the yards furling sails can be well imagined." In 1845 the crew of the British cruiser *Blazer* was dressed in blue and striped guernseys.

The dress of the crew that manned the *Guerrière* when captured by the *Constitution* in 1812 is described by an eye-witness: "After breakfast on Sabbath morning it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of the captain might dictate; sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trousers, with bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats ornamented with black ribbons, and the name of our ship painted on them."

The uniforms of the American captain in the war of 1812, according to the paintings of Jarvis and Sully, consisted of a navy-blue double-breasted coat with the lapel edged with a single gold braid, and the standing coat collar also edged with gold braid. Gold epaulets were placed on both shoulders, while a double row of buttons with an anchor on each ran down the coat. The skirts of the coat also were edged with gold braid. The waistcoat and close-fitting trousers were white, while the foot-wear consisted of Hessian boots with gold tassels. But it is doubtful if this uniform was worn except on rare occasions. The officers performed the regular duties of the ship in any clothing that came handy. The concurrence of the expression "he donned his uniform" might indicate that the officers put them on for great occasions only. In the memoirs of Sir Philip B. V. Broke, Captain Lawrence is spoken of as being fatally conspicuous "by the white vest and other habiliments he had assumed," while Sir Philip himself went into the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* in



SEAMAN OF 1812.

the dress of a civilian, with a high silk hat, and a "gentleman's sword" instead of the regulation naval blade.

That American officers could not have been particular as to the uniformity of their own dress or that of their crews is seen in the journal of one of the seamen in the United States brig of war *Siren*, in 1814, where he says: "Lieutenant Nicholson (who had assumed command of the *Siren*, owing to the death of Captain Parker) seeing me one day with rather a poor hat on, he called me aft, and presented me with one of his own but little worn."

In this war many of the American crews were provided with stout leather caps something like those used by firemen. These were crossed by two straps of iron covered with bear-skin, and were designed to defend the head, in boarding an enemy's ship, from the stroke of the cutlass. Strips of bear-skin were likewise used to fasten them, with the fur still attached, serving the purpose of false whiskers, and causing the men to look as fierce as hungry wolves.

When the *United States* reached New York with her prize the *Macedonian*, the American officers and seamen received many thousands of dollars in prize-money, and as the city of New York was to give them a banquet, the entire crew were put in new uniforms in order to make a good showing on the occasion. It is probable that this was the first instance in which the whole crew of an American frigate (aside from the crews of the captains' gigs) were in uniform, for the papers of the day gave prominence to the "new uniforms," and described them as consisting of a "blue jacket, a scarlet waistcoat, neck-handkerchiefs, and glazed hats." Decatur is spoken of as wearing a full uniform at this celebration, while at Algiers in 1816 he is described as being dressed in a blue coat and hat, tight cassimere trousers, long boots bound at the top with gold lace, and having tassels of gold hanging down in front.

The only uniformity that existed in the dress of the American seamen so as to distinguish them from the British seems to have been in wearing the shirt open at the neck, with the corners thrown back, and on these corners were embroidered the stars of the American flag, with the British flag underneath. The seamen of both countries at this time allowed their hair to grow long, and tied in a cue behind.

EDGAR S. MACLAY.

## GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.

**GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH**, the last Confederate commander to surrender an army after Lee's capitulation at Appomattox and the fall of Richmond, died the other day at his home in Sewanee, Tennessee, where he was Professor of Mathematics in the University of the South. General Kirby Smith was born in Florida, and was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1845. He took part in the war with Mexico, and rose to be Major before the civil war begun.

In the Confederate service he was rapidly promoted, as he was made a Brigadier-General in June, 1861, Major-General in October of the same year, Lieutenant-General a year later, and a full General in February, 1864. At the first battle of Bull Run he was severely wounded in the beginning of the engagement. When he had recovered he was put in command of the department embracing East Tennessee, Kentucky, North Georgia, and western North Carolina. He led the advance of General Braxton Bragg's army in the Kentucky campaign, and at Richmond, in that State, he met and badly defeated the Union forces under General William Nelson. In February of 1863 he was given the command which he held till the close of the war. This was the Trans-Mississippi Department, and included Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory. He maintained his communications with Richmond by running the blockade out of Galveston and in again at Wilmington, North Carolina. He established factories and furnaces, opened mines, made powder and castings, and had his district self-supporting when all other parts of the South were suffering most acutely. In 1864 he opposed General Banks in the Red River campaign, and beat him badly.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox General Kirby Smith still had an army in comparatively good condition. He issued an order to his men intended to encourage them not to despair even at such a time. "The crisis of our revolution is at hand," he said, in the beginning of this remarkable document. But he could not fire his men to continue in so unequal a war, and when he realized this he surrendered. This was on the 21st of April, 1865, a fortnight after the surrender at Appomattox.

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These tickets will not admit of a stop-off *en route*, and can be used for a continuous passage only. The tickets will be on sale from April 15th to October 30th inclusive, and will be valid for return trip until November 15th, 1893.
All the lines leading to Chicago will sell tickets good for passage going by one route returning by another, so that a person may go out by the Pennsylvania Railroad; and, if he wills, return by the New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Erie, or any other trunk line, or go out by any other line, and return by the Pennsylvania.—[*Adv.*]

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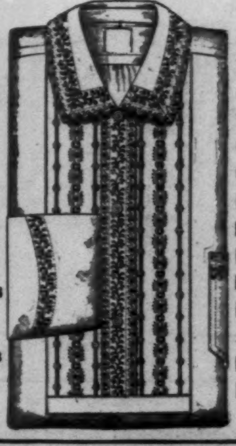

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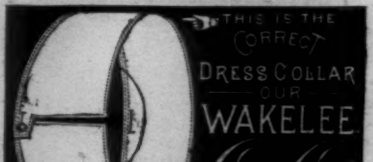

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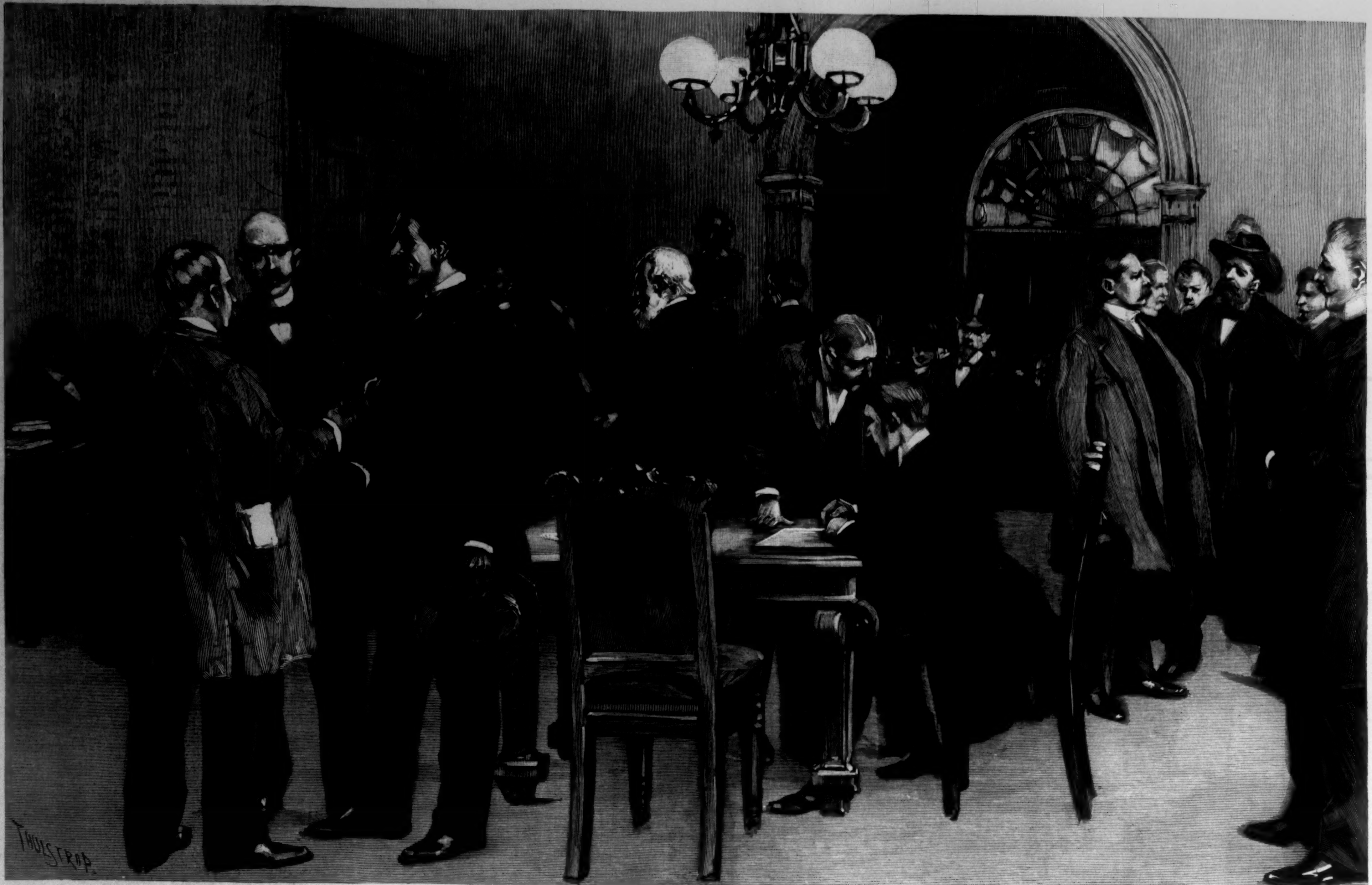

WASHINGTON—OFFICE-SEEKERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

Above all Competitors.

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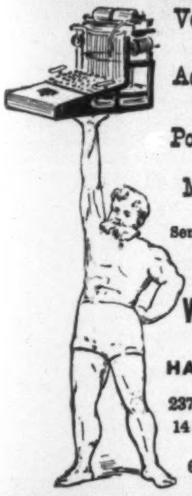

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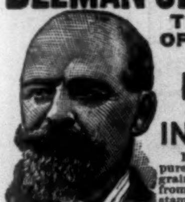

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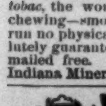

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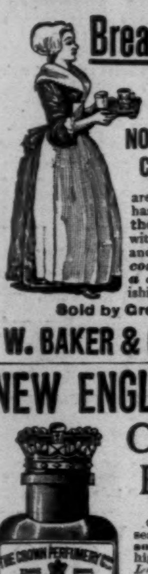

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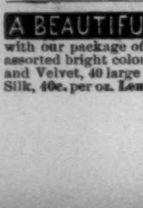

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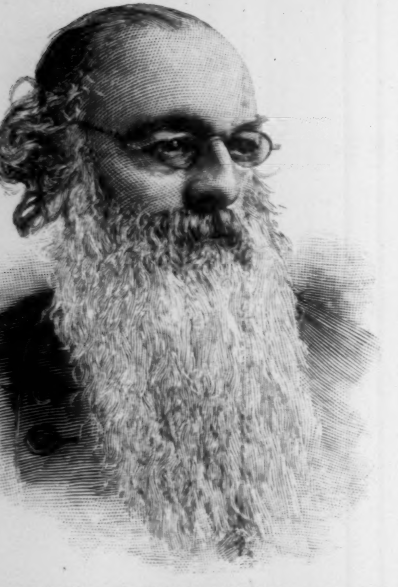

THE LATE GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.—[See Page 359.]

## OFFICE-SEEKERS.

It is too trite to say that Washington is full of office-seekers. Everybody knew that it would be the moment Mr. Cleveland's election was announced. It is a trait of American character, this longing for the honors of office. Men rush for place who might be better attending to their own business. For the sake of the glamour of public life men give up established businesses, assured incomes larger than their prospective salaries, and exile themselves in foreign countries, where they become either homesick or denationalized.

It is a queer lot of humanity that is filling the streets and hotels of Washington and daily invading the White House and the departments. There is the smug man of fashion who whispers confidentially to the heeler who is supposed to have a "pull," and for the sake of an office is on familiar terms with a man to whom he will hardly speak if he is successful. There is the struggling lawyer who wants an office with its income in the line of his profession, but who is willing to throw his professional future to the winds if he can only draw a salary from the government. He who wants to be a district attorney becomes a Treasury official; he who would go on the bench accepts a foreign mission, fondly hoping that he can do what no one of his predecessors has been able to do, and save money out of the inadequate salary. There are politicians of local fame, who find how attenuated their reputation is when they undertake to spread it out over the whole country, and how much more serious is a national than a county competition. There are nervous, anxious men who have not got on in the world, and whose comfort depends upon securing something from the government. Occasionally there is a man whose past has been shady, but who has prospered and grown rich, and who wants to gild his damaged reputation with a small foreign mission. Then there is the great horde of active political workers whose whole existence is in politics, who are efficient lieutenants of Congressmen whose standing at home depends largely upon the successive "placing" of their henchmen.

The procession makes its rounds every day. Mr. Cleveland receives them with unfailing good-nature, often encouraging those who make a good impression on him, and sometimes definitely telling an applicant or his supporter, the Congressmen, that he cannot appoint him. Nothing like Mr. Cleveland's frankness and independence has been known in the White House by the politicians of this generation. He says precisely what he means, and appoints men to office on the basis of his own judgment of them. If a man asks for one office and Mr. Cleveland, liking him, concludes that he is better fitted for another, he gets what the President thinks he ought to have.

The change that comes over the spirits of most of the office-seekers is the most pathetic thing about this sad spectacle, the most serious reflection on frail humanity. They are so cheerful when they reach Washington, so full of hope and confidence, so content in each other's society, so abounding in good wishes for one another. And then they become so suspicious when they learn of their concrete competitors, and then so worried and anxious, some of them drifting downward from first-class hotels to last-class boarding-houses. Finally, when hope is gone or nearly gone, they come to hate the party in whose behalf they struggled, to rail at the President in whose triumph they exulted, and to fume in fury at the successful seekers of offices for which they have not asked.

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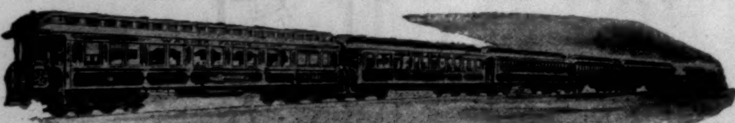

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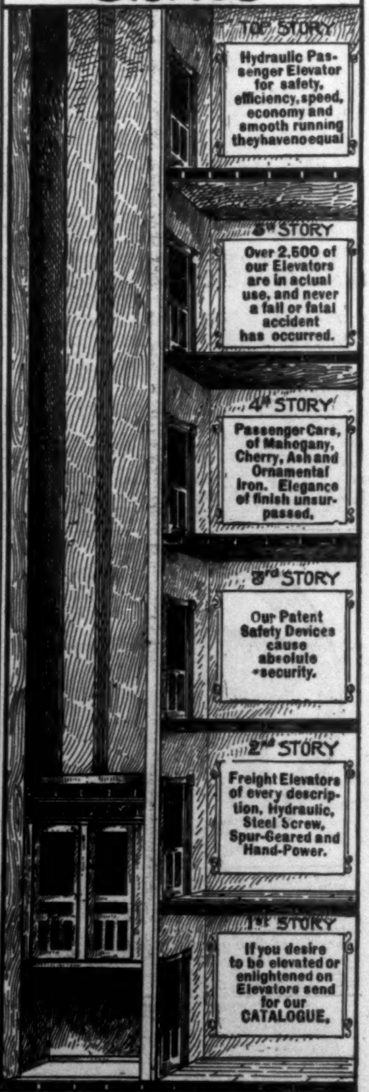

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# AMATEVR SPORT

*Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.*

## AMERICAN CARRIAGE HORSES.

BY J. R. ROOSEVELT.

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago the following, without exaggeration, would have been a tolerably accurate description of the average American carriage-horse: a long, leggy, narrow-chested animal 16 to 17 hands high, with flowing mane and tail, a neck set almost perpendicularly on the body, and kept so by the tightest of bearing-reins; a long back, generally roached; a badly ribbed up body, light-waisted and tucked up; nine times out of ten goose-rumped quarters; straight, slovenly action; speed, about six miles an hour; and a lazy, sluggish disposition. Who does not remember seeing dozens of such pairs before the glass-fronted family coach or rockaway in New York and elsewhere?

The accepted type of the carriage or harness horse of today in this country is certainly a very different animal.

No better description of it, I think, can be found than the one contained in *Youatt on the Horse:* "An animal of good height, deep-chested, rising in the withers, slanting in the shoulders, with substance well placed, a deep and well-proportioned body, flat in the legs, and sound, open, tough feet." Add to this a fine and finely set on head and neck, high well-rounded knee and hock action, with speed and endurance, and we get, perhaps, a somewhat ideal description.

But we have come at last to learn that this is the type required; and that we are not so very far from it, is proved by the class of horses exhibited at the recent New York Horse Shows, and by a comparison, often quite favorable to us, of the horses and turnouts in Central Park with those of Paris or London.

Just how we have been educated up to the point of knowing that our old type of coach and harness horse was all wrong, and that what we now want is an entirely different article, it is hard to say. I am inclined to think that the introduction of public coaching in New York had a good deal to do with it, and, more recently, the annual shows of the National Horse Show Association.

The first public coach, the Tally-ho, was started in 1876, and ran daily from New York to Pelham. For this coach small, compact, well-ribbed-up horses, with good substance and bone, were purchased. Many of them came from Maine, and though rather coarse, and what we should to-day call "chunks" and "blocks," they accomplished their work so easily, and were so evidently superior for speed and endurance to the old style of leggy, long-backed animal, that they at once took with the public, and when sold, at the end of the season, brought good prices.

Since then public coaches have been put on the road out of New York during the seasons of 1877, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1887, 1890, 1892, by Colonel Kane, Colonel Jay, Messrs. Fritsch, Bronson, Iselin, Rives, Beach, Tailer, and others.

Each year has seen a vast improvement in the stamp of horses purchased by these gentlemen and dispersed at the auction sales at the conclusion of the season, the type of horse not only gaining in conformation, substance, and endurance over those first used in a public coach, but showing also a remarkable advance in quality, style, and action, the highest average ever made at an auction sale of coach-horses being the last sale of the Tantivy horses in 1890.

Perhaps it may be going too far to say that the success of the class of horse used in the coaches was the cause of the change in popular opinion, but certain it is, that this change began shortly after the introduction of public coaching in New York, and has steadily grown, up to the present time.

The dealers very soon discovered the drift of the public, and the whole country is now ransacked and scoured for "knee actors," and horses showing substance, style, and quality.

This brings us to the subject of breeding, and of the best localities in which to look for the finest examples of the American coach-horse. These questions are, indeed, difficult ones to deal with. That there is a type we all know, but that there is any particular part of the country or particular cross in breeding which is producing that type, is very doubtful. Some localities are undoubtedly better than others, and yet good horses come into the New York market from almost all parts of the United States, and it is utterly impossible in many cases to attribute their fine qualities to anything but chance.

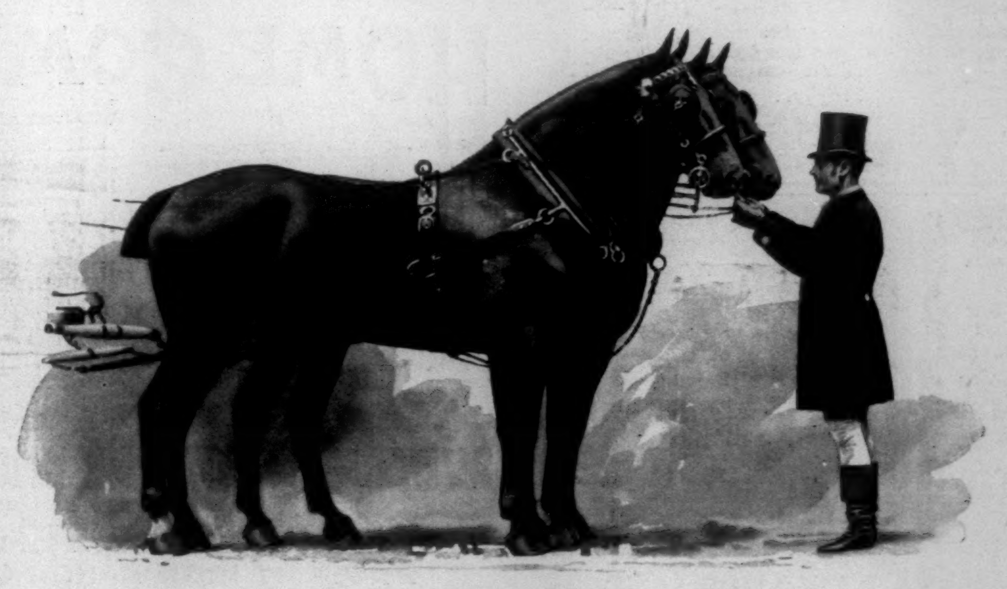
The difficulty in breeding lies to a great extent with the average American farmer's mare, which, as a rule, is a coarse, long-backed, clumsy-barrelled, and round-legged animal. These defects it is almost impossible for any amount of blood on the part of the stallion entirely to overcome.

Another difficulty is the ordinary breeder's intense desire to breed a phenomenal "trotter," and make his fortune thereby. He reads and dreams of Maud S. and Sunol, and breeds his mares year after year to the trotting stallion with the best "record" in his vicinity, often paying highly for the service. He gets, as a rule, a three-cornered, leggy, light-waisted "runt" that will not trot, and that is of no earthly use for the track, the market, or the farm. While the same mare, if properly bred to a fine coaching stallion, hackney, or thoroughbred, would produce at least something readily marketable, and very often horses which would yield him a large return. But no; he will hear of nothing but "trotting stock," and will refuse to take his mares to a stallion having the quality, shape, and action necessary to counterbalance the coarseness of the dam, and to produce a saleable horse. I do not mean to disparage trotters when properly bred, for nothing is more beautiful than the movements of a purely bred trotting-horse when speeded, or the action of such a stallion as Mambrino King. But what I do wish to disparage and condemn, is the hopeless striving of the small breeder and farmer to produce a "wonder," in competition with the best breeding establishments for trotters, when by crossing his mare differently, he would be almost certain to obtain a horse fit for the market, and, with a good mare, one on which he would realize a large profit.

What could be more likely to give such a result than a cross between some of our best mares and such horses as the coaching stallions Javanais or Isigny, the hackneys Beau Lyons, Matchless, or Courier, or some of the best-shaped, good-actioned, imported thoroughbreds? And yet some of these very stallions stood last year in country towns at a nominal price for farmers, and were entirely ignored.

It will be observed that I mention only the hackney stallions standing 15.3 and over; for, though an ardent admirer of the hackney type, with its perfect action and conformation, I believe that the ideal horse of our hackney friends is somewhat lacking in size for general utility, and is also perhaps a trifle deficient in the matter of speed. But there can be no question that their largest stallions, mated with any of our big, roomy native mares, or, better still, if I am not uttering what may sound like rank blasphemy to the trotting man, crossed with some of our very best-bred trotting stock, would produce something very near the absolutely perfect carriage or harness horse of the future. Until the breeder realizes, however—which, I am thankful to say, he is beginning to do—that there is more money in a good, showy, five-year-old carriage-horse than there is in a trotter that cannot trot, and is good for nothing else, we shall still have to search all over the land, and ransack the New York and Chicago markets, for the right sort of animal.

And now as to the best localities to look for, or to buy from, the type of horse we require. I should roughly place them in the following order by States, though, as I mentioned before, good horses sometimes come in from the most unexpected places, and it is as yet difficult to locate them in any particular part of the country:



A GOOD TYPE OF LEADERS.

Maine (for small horses), Vermont, northern New York, Canada, Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia, Iowa and Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, Dakota, Montana, the Territories, etc. These are about all the localities from which the majority of animals are shipped to the New York and Chicago markets.

I have, I must confess, a strong liking for the State of Maine horses, though it is difficult to find them over 15¼ hands in height. Owing to their native climate, and the manner in which they are fed—the use of corn as feed being unknown in Maine—they are always tough and rugged, with plenty of bone and muscle, and with better and truer action than any other horses coming to market. Well ribbed up, with good shoulders, legs and feet, plenty of style, and a capacity for any amount of work without tiring, they are as attractive from the first to a would-be purchaser as they prove to be after years of service. Their sole defects are a trifle of coarseness in the head and neck, which, however, disappears to a great extent with proper conditioning and bitting, and, as I said, a lack of size.

The brood-mares and stallions have almost all a trace of Clay, Messenger, Knox, Lambert, or Patchen blood, and in many instances of a thoroughbred strain from over the Canadian border. Every small breeder or farmer in the State is a thorough horseman, and is never satisfied unless in possession of one or two good horses or colts. Not to show against time on the tracks, but to drive in his sleigh in friendly competition with his neighbor during the long winter months. In consequence, no horses are so well broken as the Maine horses, and it is rare indeed to find a bad-tempered or vicious brute among them.

The Vermont animals are very much of the same class as those from Maine. Breeding, however, is not so universal or so systematically carried on, and good ones are harder to find. The predominance there some years ago of the Morgan type has tended to give more weight, without, perhaps, quite the compensating amount of style and action. But they have all the toughness and endurance of the Maine horse, though, unfortunately, as I have said, it is next to impossible to procure many of them.

Northern New York still sends us a few good ones, but nothing like the number in former years. Here, as in Vermont, comparatively little attention is now given to breeding, as it is cheaper for the farmer to buy what he wants out of the car-loads of low-priced horses shipped from the West than to raise them for his own use or the market. There are, however, many descendants of Ethan Allen and Daniel Lambert to be found, and if the mares were now crossed with coaching, hackney, or thoroughbred sires of good size, they should produce harness-horses of a high class.

Canada shows perhaps more breeding and contains more thoroughbred stallions and mares than any other section of our continent, except Kentucky. We find invariably in these horses the beautiful head and neck and conformation produced by thoroughbred blood, but it is comparatively rare to see a Canadian harness-horse with exceptionally marked or high action. Their movements in the trot seem to lack the rounding-up of the knees of the hackney, the coaching stallion, or the trotter, and to have more of the straight, easy, but in harness displeasing, action of the thoroughbred.

As saddle-horses and hunters they are better than anything we have got, but they can generally be outdone in style by many of our American horses. The mares would undoubtedly cross well with the best of our harness-stallions, as their conformation is invariably good, and provided with high action; on the part of the sire the result could not fail to be satisfactory.

Missouri is sometimes ignorantly classed with Iowa and Illinois as showing lack of breeding and predominance of draught stock, but to those who have been in the State it is well known that this is not the case. Any one crossing the boundaries will be at once struck with the superior stamp of horse exhibited, even the most ordinary showing a certain amount of breeding. Thoroughbreds and half-bred stallions and their descendants have stood in the State since before the war, and during that period many of the best Kentucky mares were driven over the line for safety. There is therefore a strong strain of thoroughbred blood throughout the country, and the farmers, for the most part Southerners of the old type, cling to it, and hold in abhorrence anything that is devoid of breeding. The horses are generally large and well-shaped, with well-cut-out necks and thoroughbred heads—a little light in bone, but showing, as a rule, great quality and endurance. They make perhaps better hunters and hacks than harness-horses, as their action is not generally high, though true and easy. Occasionally one comes across, however, a Missouri horse combining breeding with exceedingly high action, and it is then difficult to find anything better. Among the thoroughbreds which have stood, and some of which are still doing service, in Missouri, I may mention old Intruder, imported by Mr. Withers; War Sign, by War Dance; Glendower, by imported Knight of St. George; Free Stone, by Ten Broeck, etc., etc. Here again, as in Canada, the mating of the native mares with stallions showing high and perfect action would undoubtedly produce the best results.

Kentucky and Virginia send very much the same class of horse to market, though the latter is more often represented than the former. The Virginia horses show excellent breeding and quality, but action is rare, and they are, as at present bred, more useful for the saddle than for harness work.

Iowa and Illinois I have already mentioned as the home of the draught-horse and Percheron, and it is seldom that high-couraged, well-bred horses are found among the thousands shipped monthly to the New York and Chicago markets from these States. They are generally heavy, dull, and coarse, tiring out completely after being driven any great distance, and if showing any action at all, showing it by lifting the feet almost vertically, and bringing them down again in nearly the same spot, with but little rounding of the knees, no shoulder action, and a short jerky motion, than which nothing can be more unsightly. They make good cheap animals for the farm, the street car, or the business wagon, but until bred away from the Percheron or the Shire stallions, now so generally used there, they can rarely rank as good carriage or harness horses.

Michigan and Wisconsin, especially in their northern counties, where a certain number of good coaching stallions have been in use, send us a somewhat better class of horse than the two States mentioned above.

In Dakota, Montana, and the Territories much more attention is being paid to breeding than in former years, and this is already apparent in the horses sent from there to the East. With their bracing, hardy climates they should in time be able to produce good results.

It cannot but be seen that there are immense possibilities open to us in the way of breeding and of a market for our horses. Not only is the demand in our own country very great, and ever increasing, for harness horses of a high grade, but European buyers are constantly shipping abroad the best we have, and would send more if they could find them. There is no reason why the American breeders should not in time almost control the markets of the world, if they would breed with some system, and with a proper idea of what stamp of horse it is necessary for them to produce. Certainly our climate in many States is most advantageous.

We have already many of the best imported and native coaching, hackney, and thoroughbred stallions, and there is no obstacle in the way of our getting the very finest class of harness-horses if we go about it properly. Let us hope that this will be appreciated more and more every year, and that the high-class carriage-horse, bred up to the accepted standard, instead of being as at the present moment the exception rather than the rule, will be found in continually increasing numbers throughout our farms and breeding establishments, to the profit and pleasure of his breeder and owner.

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